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# The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1912.

## The Week

Though Gov. Wilson's election to the Presidency was expected by all men able to view the political situation coolly, the extent of his victory impresses the imagination. Let no man say that his success was undeserved. He had a magnificent opportunity, but he seized it magnificently. Deliberately marking out the lines of his campaign; he clung to them tenaciously, and by the dignity and force of his speeches, the sagacity of his judgment, and the manliness of his bearing, held his party together in the face of a formidable raider, and won the support of thousands of Republicans and independents. This is a shining achievement. No sure good fortune made Woodrow Wilson appear taller from the shoulders upward than any other possible Democratic nominee this year. Over any other of the candidates at Baltimore, Roosevelt would have driven his chariot triumphantly. And first among the great gains of his victory, we put the destruction of the hideous superstition about the protective tariff, which was again dragged out the past month in the hope of deceiving, at the same time that it insulted, the intelligence of the American people.

But with the same vote by which Gov. Wilson's wonderful success has been attained, solemn warning has been given. It is not an hour for foolish elation. No man perceives this more clearly than Woodrow Wilson. His earliest words are all of deep responsibility, and of the sobering which such a victory as his carries with it. We may be sure that no eye is keener than his to read the signs in the political heavens. He saw the breaking up of the great deep in this election. Party allegiance was trampled upon. In the casting of ballots impatience visibly went with hope, imperious demands for the future alongside condign punishment for the past. The vast and fluctuating electorate stands ready to inflict its dire penalties upon Democratic failure. Gov. Wilson must be fully aware of all this. He

must understand perfectly, for example, what courage and strength of will and calmness under obloquy he will need in order to prevent the party victory from being transmuted into a swinish rush for spoils. This would infallibly lead down a steep place into the sea.

This is no time to attempt to review Mr. Taft's Presidency. Every man knows in his heart, however, that it has not been that black betrayal and wretched failure which it has been painted. The country has many services to thank him for, as all will acknowledge when the rancorous animosities of the past few months have sunk to their proper level. But in the personal aspect of his humiliation, one fact will remain unchallenged. He brought his fate upon himself. When in 1908 he allowed Theodore Roosevelt to force him upon the Republican party and the country as President, he put his official life at the mercy of one man. Placed in the White House by grace of Theodore Roosevelt, he is now expelled from it by revenge of Theodore Roosevelt.

Besides winning the Presidency, the Democrats will have a tremendous majority in the House of Representatives, and, if present indications are borne out, also a safe margin in the Senate. With the exception of the first half of Cleveland's second Administration, this will be the first time since the outbreak of the Civil War that the Democratic party will have had control of the three branches of the Federal Government upon which devolves the power of legislation and administration. And in that exceptional two years following the election of 1892, the situation both of the party and of the country was so peculiar as to block disastrously the party's power to make a record of constructive work. The silver question was approaching its acutest stage, and upon this question the party was hopelessly divided within itself; the national finances were in a critical condition, and preparations had been made by the outgoing Administration for taking the extraordinary step of a bond issue in time of peace; a desolating panic prostrated business very soon after Mr. Cleve-

land's inauguration; and finally a little group of machine-made Senators, bitterly hostile to Cleveland, was in a position to paralyze the party in the upper branch of Congress. In every one of these respects, the situation to-day is in most gratifying contrast to that of 1892. The Democratic Congress will have the opportunity, and we believe will have the will, to cooperate effectively with the Democratic President in a great programme of national progress. That it may be guided by wise as well as patriotic leadership is to-day the hope and expectation of the country.

Among the influences which will bear on the political history of the coming Democratic Administration, there is one of high importance to which little consideration has as yet been given in the forecasts of people or politicians. It has been the peculiar lot of the Democratic party, in each of its Presidential victories for the sixty past years, to enter office at a time of business depression. When Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated for the second time, in March, 1893, the great financial panic of that year was already beginning. His first inauguration, in March of 1885, occurred when the country was still shaken by the after-effects of the panic of 1884. Mr. Buchanan took office only a month or two before the outbreak of the panic of 1857. All three of those financial crises were the outcome of causes world-wide in their scope and purely economic in their character; but the handicap imposed by them on a new Administration was inevitable. The Republican party, on the other hand, has been favored by exceptional good fortune in the character of the period when its Presidential candidates have replaced those of the opposition. When Mr. McKinley took office in 1897 and Mr. Harrison in 1889, the tide of prosperity was running strongly in the country's favor. Gov. Wilson's Administration will begin under just such auspices as theirs.

The late Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Sherman, had a genial and attractive personality that made him particularly popular in Congressional

circles, and won him a large number of friends. Yet he represented a type of public man now rapidly disappearing from view. The progressive movement everywhere has made it clear that there is no longer place for men who but twenty-five years ago were looked up to as the mainstay of political parties—the men who went into politics because of business and believed that victories in politics were to be achieved primarily to make money for the victors and their friends. The whole teaching of Mr. Sherman's party was along that line; the rich manufacturer from whom one could fry fat and to whom one could grant tariff favors was the exemplar of successful American citizenship. For this kind of business politics the Republican party is now paying a terrible but a deserved penalty. Its leaders of the future cannot be men of Mr. Sherman's kind, even though they embody in their personality great charm and all the social virtues, and are skilled party leaders and able parliamentarians.

There must be some mistake about the announcement that the Supreme Court of the United States has devised rules for making the administration of justice in the Federal courts more speedy and less costly. The way in which this reform has been brought about naturally makes us very suspicious of it. Judges have been giving a great deal of patient labor to it. They have conferred with one another and with legal experts; have had a large mass of evidence before them, which they have painstakingly sifted, and have carefully studied the various proposals for improvement laid before them. They have taken their time about it, too, and have been cautious. But the country knows very well that judicial reform cannot be brought about in any such pussy-footed way. The thing to do, as we have been told over and over again, is to let loose a hurricane upon the courts, to get the crowd to teach the judges how to decide, and to make an end at once of the law's delays by taking a popular vote in every case which it is desired to hurry to a conclusion. With all these new principles firmly fixed in the citizen's mind, he will know what to think of the pretence that by study and patience and trained intelligence a reform in judicial procedure has been accomplished.

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Under the system of Congressional finance here described, America wastes millions annually. But her wealth is so great, her revenue so elastic, that she is not sensible of the loss. She has the glorious privilege of youth, the privilege of committing errors without suffering from their consequences.

Any interference with this glorious privilege is still sacrilege in the eyes of Congressmen, and, accordingly, by means of the convenient device of a "rider," they provided during their last session that no annual budget should be prepared for the Government until they should so order. The immediate purpose of this action was to head off President Taft and his Commission on Economy and Efficiency, who were known to be contemplating so violent an invasion of our liberties. In support of the position assumed by Congress, grave Constitutional and practical arguments are advanced. These would be much more impressive if Congress itself had been exhibiting a disposition to systematize the methods of raising and spending the people's money. The advantages of a budget are not only in the direction of wiser financing; of equal value would it be to help both citizens and officials to get an intelligent grasp of this important branch of the Government's activities. What the country had a right to expect was coöperation between Congress and the President in the establishing of so desirable an improvement. The attempt to thwart Mr. Taft in this respect will only delay the triumph of a policy that all other nations have long followed.

The census bulletin on illiteracy makes a most satisfactory exhibit of progress. The percentage of illiterates in the entire population has, in a decade, been cut down from 10.7 to 7.7, and this percentage among children from ten to fourteen years of age has been reduced, in the same period, from 7.2 to 4.1. The latter showing is both the more striking and the more significant of the two; it means that in the rising generation there are but little more than half as many illiterates in every thousand persons as there were among the young people of like age ten years ago. A remarkable feature of the detailed showing is that the reduction of illiteracy has not only been common to

all sections of the country, and strongly marked in every section, but that it has been proportionally as decided in those sections in which the amount of illiteracy was already very small as in those in which there was—and is—a great deal of room for improvement. Thus (for children 10-14 years of age) while the percentage in the South Atlantic, East South Central, and West South Central States fell from 17.8, 18.2, and 16.2, respectively, in 1900 to 10.0, 10.7, and 9.4 in 1910, the New England percentage was reduced from 1.2 to 0.4, the Middle Atlantic from 0.9 to 0.4, the East North Central from 0.7 to 0.3, the West North Central from 1.4 to 0.6. This record of advance seems fully to justify the assertion in the bulletin that the figures "show that illiteracy in the United States is being gradually eliminated."

But, while the *relative* figures of illiteracy, the comparisons between 1910 and 1900, are at all points in a high degree satisfactory, some of the *absolute* figures are very far from what they should be. Especially is this the case in regard to the negro population. Thus in the three above-named Southern divisions of the country, among the negro children from ten to fourteen years of age, the percentage of illiterates is still 18.9, 20.7, and 22.4, respectively; which, though it is a marked improvement on the 31.3, 33.1, and 32.7 of ten years ago, yet represents a vast body of neglected childhood. The significance, too, of such a mass of illiteracy is more than what appears from the figures; for where downright "illiteracy"—the inability to read and write—is so common, we may be sure that a large proportion of those above that line have the most meagre schooling. There is much uphill work still before the men and women who are striving to procure the benefits of elementary education for the negro population of the South. Our foreign-born children, on the other hand, and the native children of foreign parents, make a most excellent showing. Throughout the North, illiteracy among the native children of foreign parents amounts to only about one-fifth of one per cent.; and even among the foreign-born children (of the ages in question) it ranges only from 2.1 to 5.3 per cent. Nothing could give stronger evidence of the rapidity with which the American



school system takes hold of the inflowing tide of humanity.

While the publication of the Loeb Library of Greek and Latin Classics has now long been a certainty, the actual appearance of the initial volumes of the series is an event that should not be passed by without a word of welcome. With the original text on one page and the best obtainable English translation facing it on the opposite page, and with the price placing the books within the reach of all lovers of ancient literature, the publication of this great collection brings reinforcement to the friends of "the humanities" at a time when it is sorely needed. But, while Mr. Loeb's well-chosen munificence is thus an encouragement to what is in many ways a waning cause, we believe that it indicates something more than the feeling of one man, or one small group of men, in regard to that cause. In this day of large-scale operation in all directions, the currents of life which are not predominant are apt to be ignored altogether; and every once in a while something occurs to reveal their existence in quite unsuspected strength. Such a revelation was made, in this very matter of the classical tradition, when the new movement at Amherst was launched, a year or two ago; and so, we are inclined to think, the Loeb Library will prove to be not only a cause, but also a sign, of a wider interest in the classics than is generally supposed to exist at present. In any case, it will be a fine achievement—a notable addition to the higher intellectual resources of the English-speaking peoples, and a credit to our own country.

That football makes tremendously for the development of character has long been recognized, but it has seldom if ever before furnished so striking a manifestation of its possibilities in this direction as it gave a day or two ago at Dartmouth. On the squad was a well-built youth from New Hampshire. He had been on the team for a year, but had not displayed the prowess that might naturally have been expected from his appearance. On this occasion he was put in at guard. As usual, he was playing only fair football when something happened that proved to be the turning-point in his career: he was accidentally kicked on the nose. From

that moment, observers say, he was invincible. He played harder as the game progressed, and stopped every play that was directed at him. He now sits among the mighty at the training-table. The regrettable feature of this otherwise inspiring incident is that what could so easily have been brought about by design in the very beginning was left to the caprice of chance. A man who may now make the All-America eleven some day was permitted to find himself as best he could. Evidently, the coaching system was gravely at fault. We trust that no more Dartmouth youths will have to wait a whole year for a trifling but indispensable bit of experience that shall in a moment transform them from boys to men.

Cuba's Presidential election on Friday disappointed the prophets—especially the inspired prophets of American intervention—by being conducted in the most orderly manner. None of that rioting and bloodshed at the polls which were so solemnly predicted, and which were to be the signal for the sailing of our men-of-war for Havana, appeared anywhere; no disturbances being reported from any part of the island. This speaks well for the growing self-restraint of the Cubans, while it also shows that they understood the bearing of a peaceful election upon the whole question of their continuing independence. The success of Gen. Menocal was generally expected, and was plainly desired by the most stable and substantial elements of the population. He seems clearly to be the best man for the job, to use the consecrated American phrase, but it is truly a big job that confronts him. President Gomez leaves him the legacy of a discredited and well-nigh wrecked Government. The interval before Menocal is inaugurated will be a critical period, but if that is safely got through, and the new President takes office next spring with the best people in Cuba sustaining him, there is every reason to hope that the young republic will acquire new strength and respect.

Mr. Asquith made a telling point in one of his recent speeches when, leading up to a powerful statement of the case against the threatened Unionist policy as to Ulster, he reminded his hearers of two earnest warnings uttered

by him in the past, and disregarded by the Tories with disastrous results. The first related to Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal campaign initiated in 1903—"a campaign in favor of a return to the old and discredited system of protection"; the second to the rejection of the budget of 1909 by the House of Lords. The Premier has no occasion to apologize for any assumption of prophetic gifts when he points to the fact that he repeatedly warned the Unionist leaders in 1903 and 1904 that they were "heading straight for the disaster into which they plunged in 1906," and that he likewise warned them in 1909 that rejection of the budget would bode calamity to the House of Lords. In both instances, he was resting not on any special insight peculiar to himself, but on the knowledge that political instincts and convictions which were deeply imbedded in the public mind of England could not be offended against with impunity. The "Tariff Reform" agitation has been a dismal failure; the rejection of the budget brought down on the House of Lords the penalty that level-headed men, friends and enemies alike, foresaw; and Mr. Asquith has no difficulty in making out a case against the Ulsterite irreconcilables quite as strong as that which held against the unfortunate positions assumed by the Unionist leaders upon the other two questions.

A step towards the union of cleanliness and godliness in India has been taken by the appointment of a commission to inquire into the sanitation of Hindu and Mohammedan centres of pilgrimage. For a series of years there have been outbreaks of epidemics at these points, and the departing devotees have carried away with them the germs of diseases which have later appeared hundreds of miles distant. It is also known that pilgrims carry contagion and infection to these centres, with serious results. Doubtless it is better to be dirty and holy than to have clean hands but an impure heart, and the Government will have to proceed tactfully in any strengthening of existing regulations. The part played in the Mutiny by the greasing of cartridges with the fat of certain animals must always haunt the officers entrusted with the task of "civilizing" India according to European standards and methods.



## PROGRESS AND THE CONSTITUTION

The agitation of which Mr. Roosevelt has been the central figure, and which, though it has flamed out with a sudden intensity in the last few months, was distinctly under way during a large part of his second term as President, has all along had as one of its essential features an assault upon the potency of the written Constitution, the distinguishing feature of our historic polity. That assault has taken various forms. For a long time it consisted chiefly in the vehement assertion of an extreme doctrine of loose construction, a doctrine under which it became the duty of the judges to read into the Constitution—or out of it—anything which an assumed change in the ethical or economic demands of public sentiment might call for. A more advanced stage was reached in the proposal that judicial decisions on certain great questions of Constitutional interpretation should be subject to reversal by popular vote; a proposal from the working of which the Supreme Court of the United States was, in terms, excluded, but which obviously carried with it, as a logical and even an indispensable sequel, the application of a like process to the decisions of the nation's highest tribunal. And in his final brief appeal to the voters on the eve of election, Mr. Roosevelt made a reference to "worn-out governmental expedients" in which it requires no great exercise of insight to see a contemptuous allusion to the restrictions of a written Constitution.

Among the causes of the growth of this agitation—by no means the only cause, but unquestionably a very powerful one—has been the belief, entertained by many highly intelligent persons, though with very little reason, that the Constitution of the United States is virtually unamendable. We say "with very little reason," because, although no amendment has been made to the Constitution for a century, except for those brought about by the Civil War, it is equally true that no earnest, determined, and general movement in favor of any amendment has been made at any time during that period, until very recently. Within the last few years, two changes—the income-tax amendment, and that providing for direct election of Senators—have aroused serious interest throughout the country; and what is

the result? It was announced from Washington three or four days ago that thirty-four out of the thirty-six States required have approved the income-tax amendment; and there is no doubt that within a few months it will be incorporated into the Constitution. The direct election of Senators is not so far advanced, but it has been adopted by House and Senate, and will in all probability have an easy course through the State Legislatures. Moreover, in both of these cases, the adoption of the amendment would have been much more prompt had it not been for obstacles not germane to their purpose. Gov. Hughes's objection to what he regarded as a dangerous, though unintended, consequence of certain words in the income-tax amendment unquestionably delayed its acceptance by at least a year; and in the matter of the direct election of Senators, the difficulty of reconciling Northern and Southern views as to a purely accidental bearing of the amendment on the conduct of elections caused the proposal to hang fire for a long time. As it is, the quiet progress of these two proposals completely disposes of the notion that the Constitution is incapable of amendment except by war or by a tremendous popular upheaval.

It was not in the specific schemes of economic or social change embodied in the Progressive party's platform that the essential point of departure of that party was to be found. Many of these projects not only have the hearty approval of all humane and open-minded men without distinction of party, but had been making rapid strides towards adoption before the Progressive party was heard of. Some are of a different nature, and involve decidedly contentious matter. But the great thing that underlay the whole, the thing conveyed in a thousand ways though not expressed in any platform plank or perhaps in any explicit utterance, relates not so much to objects as to methods. Impatience of any such restraints as are imposed by a written Constitution is of the very essence of the movement; and even this does not by any means measure the extent of its departure from the American tradition. What the new Constitution of Ohio has done for that State is but an advance specimen of what, by the very law of its being, this movement, if it should persist, is

bound to seek to impose upon the nation. Amendment of the Constitution initiated by a trifling percentage of the voters, and completed by the assent of a majority of those voting upon it at a single election; statutes similarly enacted, without the interposition either of the Legislature or of the Executive: this is what the logic of the Progressive movement, and the emotional force behind it, alike prescribe as its inevitable goal.

And why not? "What great harm," it may be asked, "would there be in this direct power of the people to settle the questions of the people? Let them make mistakes; they will learn to correct them." This is a cheap and easy answer; and it seems to satisfy the youthful reformers of all ages with whom the country nowadays abounds. Bow how about mistakes that cannot be corrected? How about a plebiscite for free silver in the dark years following the panic of 1893? That would have been an absolutely irreversible judgment—the mischief would have lain in the change itself, and could never have been undone. How about a plebiscite on Union or Secession? Who knows what would have been the result of that? Was the Union to be staked on the result of a count of noses at any single time at which its opponents wished to put it to the touch? And who knows what fundamental questions—questions quite as fundamental as either of these—the future may bring forth? The defenders of the Constitution to-day, the defenders of representative government to-day, stand for the preservation of established institutions in the face of sudden attack. They stand for "governmental expedients" which make it impossible to sweep away fundamental features of our political or economic structure without giving them a fair chance to measure their strength against the wave of innovation. It is no iron-bound Constitution that they are pledged to defend; it is a Constitution subject to change, but subject to change only when the desire of the nation for that change has been proved to be steady and assured. And under that Constitution, with such modification as the firm judgment of the country may demand, the nation will respond to the requirements of progress without sacrificing its sobriety or endangering its stability.

## METAPHYSICAL STANDARDS OF LIVING.

No discussion of social conditions among the workers of the nation to-day is complete if it does not lay a great deal of stress on the question of immigration, on the changes in the industrial world that have resulted therefrom, and specifically on the American standard of living. Especially in treating of the character of the "new" immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe during the last thirty-five years, a writer seldom fails to point out the menace to the American standard of living that arises when vast hordes of poverty-stricken Italians and Slavs are brought into competition with the native workingmen. The main features of such contrasts are familiar. We are directed to the tenement districts of New York city or Chicago, we are shown perhaps a dozen Polish or Slovak laborers herded together in two or three rooms under destructive physical and moral conditions, and we are asked to consider what, under such circumstance, is to be the future. Mary Field, in the last number of the *American Magazine*, has done this in a series of very vivid and generally truthful sketches of the way in which wage-earners live in Chicago. Much in the same spirit is W. Jett Lauck's article on "The Vanishing American Wage-Earner," in the last *Atlantic*.

And yet, in both these studies of the immigrant wage-earner, though they seem to deal with concrete figures and conditions, there is discernible a peculiar hesitancy in getting down to the essential fact. The writers reason *a priori*. They show us what the living conditions are among the immigrant population, they remind us of the American ideal and draw the conclusion explicitly or by inference that a degradation of American standards is inevitable. But evidently a much simpler and more scientific way of going at the problem would be to ask specifically whether, taking the ninety millions of people in the United States as a whole, life to-day is on a lower plane than it was thirty years ago or sixty years ago. Is the average wage lower, is the average amount of comfort smaller, is the average percentage of destitution and crime larger, is the average standard of popular education on the decline? To bring forward specific figures on such vast

and complicated matters is out of the question in this place. But we doubt if even the most remorseless critic of industrial conditions in this country will, as a matter of general knowledge and conviction, defend the thesis that the economic position of the American wage-earner has been going down under the pressure of immigration. As for the broader ethical and spiritual effects of the foreign inrush, the social worker will be the last to deny that it is precisely during the last quarter of a century that this nation has experienced a spiritual awakening whose effects in politics, industry, and social relations we are now beginning to see in full force. Reasoning *a priori*, the student of immigration would have argued, twenty-five years ago, that the invasion of uneducated foreigners, with no tradition of liberty and self-government behind them, must inevitably work a deterioration in our politics. Yet it is to-day that we are in the full swing of a campaign for governmental reform.

When the critics of the "new" immigration speak of the American standard of living there seems to be vaguely present to their minds a picture of the America of seventy-five years ago, with its industries located in the small manufacturing towns, and its population of independent, native workingmen living in their own homes, and moving, out of shop hours, on a basis of democratic equality with their employers. With this they contrast the condition of what they describe as industrial serfdom under which the foreign mill-worker or miner lives to-day. But that obviously is a false contrast to make when one wishes to discuss the effects of the "new" immigration. The true contrast to be drawn is between the living standard of the "new" immigrants and that of the immigrants of three-quarters of a century ago, when the Irish began to enter the mills and factories, to be followed by other races, such as the French-Canadians. The workingman of native stock reaching back, let us say, a hundred years, was never a tenement dweller. The city tenement and the slum arose with the first waves of the older immigration. The proper question to ask, therefore, is whether tenement conditions to-day are worse than they were fifty years ago, whether congestion among the Italians and Slavs of New York city, tak-

ing them as a whole, is worse than it was among the Irish tenement dwellers in 1860. At bottom it is not a question whether the "American" standard of living has been declining, but whether the standard of living among tenement dwellers in America has been going down. And on that point the answer would surely be by no means as one-sided as our writers would imply.

An analogous want of really close analysis is apparent in what the *Atlantic* writer has to say concerning the "vanishing" of the American wage-earner. He shows that when the cotton mills were first started in New England, "the looms and spindles were tended by the sons and daughters of the farmers who lived in the surrounding country." As the industries expanded, skilled operatives came in from Great Britain. After 1850 the French-Canadians appeared. After 1890 began the Slavic and Latin invasion. To-day the number of native Americans in the New England mills is one-tenth of the total number of employees. In the woollen mills the proportion is one-seventh. In the silk mills the proportion is one-fifth. Apparently, the American workingman has been "vanishing" indeed. But our writer neglects to mention that between 1870 and 1910, the output of our silk mills increased sixteen-fold, our cotton output increased nearly four-fold, and our woollen output increased nearly to the same degree. Presumably there has been a corresponding increase in the number of wage-earners engaged in these industries. It makes a very considerable difference whether we say that the Portuguese or Italian mill-hand has forced the native workingman out of his job or whether the foreigner has simply taken the job that could not be filled by American labor.

The vanishing American workingman! The non-metaphysical mind insists on asking where has the American workingman vanished to? Evidently, he must have vanished either up or down. Our writers do not assert that he has gone down. The native stock has not swelled the ranks of pauperism and crime. Has he, then, risen, as a great many people believe, to the position of foreman and director of the new masses of foreign labor? The writer in the *American Magazine* seems inclined to think that he has; wherefore, evidently, his standard of living has not



suffered from foreign competition. But a more satisfactory answer is supplied by Mr. Lauck in the *Atlantic*. Speaking of the old English, Irish, and Scotch immigrants, whom, by contrast with the newer immigrants, he treats as "Americans," he tells us that "not only has this class ceased entering the mills, but those already employed have sought work elsewhere." Working elsewhere; in other words, the vanishing American wage-earner is still a wage-earner somewhere; he has not vanished at all.

#### THE TURKISH DOWNFALL.

Acknowledgment of defeat comes from Constantinople in the form of an appeal by the Ottoman Government for the good offices of the Powers. The final outcome of an extraordinary campaign can hardly be affected by what the next few days may bring forth. It is simply a question whether the present conflict shall go down in history as a two weeks' war or a three weeks' war. It was only on October 19 that the Bulgarian offensive began, and it is the work of the Bulgarian armies that has decided the issue. Just what have been the factors that entered into the Bulgarian victories we are still left to conjecture. It is only with the news of the approaching end of the war that anything but the most meagre details has begun to reach us as to the nature of the fighting. On the Bulgarian side there has been just one newspaper correspondent at the front, and his reports have dealt more with results than with the actual nature of the contest. Until now we have had to be satisfied with general impressions. The Bulgarians have displayed extraordinary courage and dash. Their commanders have been resourceful. The Turks were beaten steadily backwards. But as to the number of forces engaged, their strength in the various arms of attack, and the losses on both sides, there is still the greatest uncertainty.

It may be in place here to attempt a brief review of the movements of the armies from the investment of Adrianople and Kirk-Kilisseh to the present moment. We must imagine a rough triangle some 140 miles tall, with its base running from Adrianople to Kirk-Kilisseh and its apex, pointing southeast, at Constantinople. At Adrianople the fighting began on October 20, and almost simultaneously at Kirk-Kilisseh.

The first Turkish defeat came at the latter place, which was taken on October 24. The fighting line then shifts forty miles to the southeast, and by so much nearer to Constantinople. The base of the triangle, roughly parallel to the original base line, now extends from Baba Eski on the west, through Lule Burgas and Bunar Hissar to Visa. Along this line the decisive point was the capture of Lule Burgas by the Bulgarians on October 30. The Turks fell back, another section of the triangle had been cut off, and the base pushed back thirty miles nearer to Constantinople along the line between Chorlu, near the Sea of Marmora, and Sarai, near the Black Sea. There, for a while, the Turks made a stand, not with the hope of retrieving their fortunes, but for the purpose of enabling part of their forces to reach the Tchatalja line of fortifications forty miles to the southeast and within two days' march from Constantinople.

Of the spirit animating the Bulgarian forces enough has been said. What has been the conduct of the Turkish troops? Almost from the first there have been stories of panic and cowardice on their part. Regiments have been described as surrendering in a body, or fleeing to the rear and fighting for possession of the southbound trains. The retreat of the Turks after the battle of Lule Burgas is characterized as a rout in the London *Chronicle's* story from its correspondent with Nazim Pasha's army, the first piece of effective narrative the war has so far produced. Battalions, regiments, and companies are described as melting away into mobs of panic-stricken fugitives; and the *Chronicle's* story is echoed in other reports. But that the retreat from Lule Burgas, while precipitate, was not entirely a *sauve qui peut* appears from the fact that after being beaten on Wednesday at Lule Burgas, on Saturday, the day after the *Chronicle's* correspondent dates his dispatch, the Turks are fighting obstinately some thirty-five miles to the south along the line of Chorlu-Sarai. "Murderous" is the way one story characterizes Saturday's conflict, which showed a casualty list of twenty thousand. This story, it is true, comes from Constantinople, but it is amply confirmed by a dispatch of Sunday's date from Sofia, to the effect that the remnant of the Turkish army was making a stand along the line from Chorlu to Sarai.

It should seem to be clear, therefore, that it is not want of courage on the part of the Turks that has brought about their overthrow. The Bulgarians, of course, have been their match in that, and have had in addition the impetus that is always on the side of the attacking force, and, as time went on, the prestige of success. Much of the fighting has been of a ferocious character, hand to hand and dagger against club. But it now appears that preparedness and efficiency entered largely into the result. The *Chronicle's* representative speaks of the splendid effectiveness of the Bulgarian artillery, but it was an effectiveness made possible largely by the breakdown of the Turkish artillery, due to the failure of supplies. Turkish artillerymen are described as standing with folded arms at their guns, ammunition exhausted, and waiting for their fate. Ill-armed, ill-fed, ill-clad, the Ottoman soldier went out under a tremendous handicap. The outcome of the war is sure to bring a crisis in the affairs of the Young Turkish régime at Constantinople. The crisis will be all the more severe if it shall turn out that during the four years they have been in power they made no effort to prepare the army against the test which they must have foreseen was bound to come.

#### THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES AGAIN.

"The care which a nation devotes to the preservation of the monuments of its past may serve as a true measure of the degree of civilization to which it has attained." With this sentiment from a Russian Governmental source, Mr. Waldo G. Leland begins an authoritative article in the *American Historical Review* upon the condition of our national archives. He goes, however, beyond the usual complaint, not only in the fulness of his picture of their deplorable situation, but in his presentation of a programme for betterment. Certainly, there is very little of the civilized in our Government's present neglect of its archives, the value of which is obviously inestimable. It is not only that the records are scattered all over Washington in storehouses, disused theatres—the one in which Lincoln was shot has been used for some of the most precious papers of the War Department—but that wherever they are they usually suffer from such neglect as to in-



sure often their rapid deterioration or make possible their theft or deliberate destruction as waste-paper. Where else than in Washington are abandoned car-barns deemed proper housing for records not only indispensable to the historian, but often vitally necessary to the proper conduct of official business?

Naturally, in such extraordinary hiding places the danger from fire is appalling. In the various departments priceless papers are kept on wooden shelves and in wooden cases. It is only by good luck that there has been no worse loss at Washington than that at Albany in the Capitol fire, over which every historian still mourns. Should some of these Washington records go it would entail an actual cash loss that would run into the millions—a cold business fact which alone ought to move Congress. The President's Efficiency Commission might also complain of the loss of time involved in getting at almost inaccessible records and in searching for others that have disappeared. Obstruction of business in this way costs a great deal of money. Not long ago, Mr. Leland reports, 760 file-boxes of the Indian Office archives were found in an attic of the Interior building, where they had probably lain since 1876. The archives prior to 1850 of the Chief of Engineers of the army will, it is hoped, be turned up in some similar place; but this is doubtful, for it is said that they were sent to the Capitol about 1850 and never returned. How unsafe this was appears from the old story that the open fire of the file clerk of the House of Representatives was kept going for a whole winter by the use of petitions and other documents which should have been most carefully preserved.

Mr. Leland's programme is, of course, premised upon the much-desired archives building. Without this a responsible administration or management is impossible—a fact long recognized by those who have fought for the building. Mr. Leland thinks the site originally selected is too far from the centre of things in Washington. Convenience and safety are the controlling requisites. As to its size, he estimates that 5,000,000 cubic feet of space are already in use for records in the District of Columbia, with an annual growth of 60,000 cubic feet. The bill now before the Senate calls for a building of 1,500,000 cubic feet. We fully agree with Mr. Leland that it

would be a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy to start with one having less than double that amount. Warned, perhaps, by the architectural horrors of the Government Printing Office and the Pension Bureau, he modestly hopes for "something more than a storage warehouse." Indeed, there is no reason whatever why it should not be in keeping with the latest Washington buildings which have added so much to the city's beauty, and that it should be of the steel stack type, wholly fireproof, is also obvious.

Turning to the question of the control of the records, once they are housed, Mr. Leland emphatically urges that they should then come into the legal custody of the archivist. Any other course would, it seems to us, involve such a tangle as to be unthinkable. Yet there will probably be a determined effort to reserve to the various departments complete jurisdiction of their archives—a system which failed lamentably in England. Each department should, of course, have the right to designate the records to be deposited in the archives building; but central control of all the records would prove essential to efficiency and to the authentication of documents. As to the character of that control, Mr. Leland favors an Archive Commission, to be composed of a representative of each of the executive departments, with an archivist as the head of the actual work. Such an archivist would naturally keep in closest touch with the Library of Congress, which must remain the proper place for the preservation of private and historical manuscripts, and also with the proposed Commission on National Historical Publications to control the printing of such of the archives as warrant publication.

We have gone at length into these details because we feel that there is no subject connected with the machinery of our Government which demands a prompter attention at the hands of Congress. Every day that passes under present conditions means a loss of money, and of historical treasure that cannot be replaced. We are thinking not merely of the scholars and writers, who are deprived at present of access to the records, but of the wealth of unused educational matter of inestimable value to teachers and students of government, of politics, and of administrative law. More than that, a conflagration in cer-

tain places would cripple the workings of departments and bureaus and lay the Government open to being plundered for lack of the evidence with which to refute unjust claims. It took years to get the new Library of Congress; surely the time is at hand when this other need will be filled. Cabinet members have urged it for years, and so have committees of Congress. There can be no excuse for further delay.

#### CHAUCER IN MODERN PROSE.

Is the convenience of the modern reader too much consulted? It would be hard to mention any Continental masterpiece of which a fairly recent English translation does not exist. And having exhausted foreign works, the translators have turned to the monuments of old England. The stamp of approval was put on that movement by a great scholar when a few years ago Professor Gummere brought "Beowulf" within the reach of all. The venture was daring, but was pronounced highly successful. Now come Professor Tatlock and Mr. Percy MacKaye with a modern prose rendering of Chaucer, in a handsome volume, with choice colored plates (published by Macmillans). The question is whether this consideration for readers with extremely limited equipment will not in a very special sense make modern readers of us all. In the case of the Loeb Classical Library, the danger is partly forestalled by the inclusion of the original texts along with the translations. For obvious reasons, no such arrangement was thought necessary in the present book.

Chaucer in prose! The idea at one time would have seemed odd, even if the rendering were into another tongue. For Chaucer's rhythm, like the bells on his Monk's horses, which so clear and loud could "jingle in a whistling wind," has a way of getting into one's head. Just at first one is sure to feel resentment, upon turning to the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, to read in the new version:

When the sweet showers of April have pierced to the root the dryness of March, and bathed every vine in moisture whose quickening brings forth the flowers; when Zephyr, also with his sweet breath, has quickened the tender new shoots in holt and moor, and the young sun has run his half-course in the Ram, and little birds make melody and sleep all night with eyes open, so nature pricks them in their hearts; then folk long to go on pilgrimage to re-

nowned shrines in sundry distant lands, and palmers to seek strange shores. And especially from every shire's end in England they go their way to Canterbury, to seek the holy blessed martyr who helped them when they were sick.

Readers will be apt to turn back to some such couplet as the following and grieve over its scattered melody:

And smale fowles maken melodye,  
That slepen al the night with open ye.

Pronounced with the vowel sounds of Chaucer's day, these lines have a music comparable to that of the best Italian verse.

Great loss there is bound to be, as the two editors readily admit. It is not their aim, they assert, to win away from Chaucer's own words any readers to whom his language presents no difficulties; but rather to attract to him those who otherwise would not tarry at all. How many there are in the latter class, time and the publisher's count may tell. Their number is probably great. For the obstacle of the language is real and has long been felt. Even so early as the age of Elizabeth, Spenser's enthusiasm for Chaucer was not general, and though Dryden later made certain adaptations, he seems not to have understood Chaucer's metre. More recently schools and colleges have taken him up, and at Harvard the tradition started by Professor Child has grown formidable. Yale, too, has her Lounsbury. But for every one getting such expert instruction there must be many whose lack of the Chaucerian *Sprachgefühl* makes them botch and bungle, and then give up their experiment with the language altogether. They are likely to be more easily discouraged than an Englishman, the possessor of a Kelmscott Chaucer, who, reading with total disregard of proper accents, remarked cheerfully, "You see, it runs along pretty well if you scan it right." Granting, then, the demand for a modern version, it is a pleasure to acknowledge that Messrs. Tatlock and MacKaye have done their work well. Both had special qualifications, which are manifested by their constant endeavor to safeguard the feeling of the original lines.

Certain portions of the poet naturally come off better than others. Without the gentle tap of the rhyme the *Prioress* loses much in piquancy. Only Chaucer himself will do:

At meté wel y-taught was she with-allo;  
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,  
Ne wette hir fingres in hir-saucé depe.

Wel coude she carle a morsel, and wel kepe,  
That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.  
In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.

For the same reason there is less pathos in the tale of the good Custance; nor can Chauntecleer ever look quite himself minus his quibbling couplets. But there are several instances in Chaucer where such personal traits must yield to the normal demands of narrative; so, for example, "Troilus and Criseyde." Here the sacrifice of the verse is not so serious. There be even some who have said—but it is heresy—that Chaucer would have done better this once to adopt prose; that the exigencies of the intricate stanzale form have led to prolixity. "And shortly for to seye," cries Chaucer to disarm you, but meanwhile is merely filling out a verse and scrambling for a rhyme. Such dissenters will be specially interested in this modern rendering. As told there in prose, the story is still a delight and is expressed in language which appears highly suitable.

Chaucer modernized will never supplant his real self in the minds of them who know him, any more than the cleverest equivalents of Horace's Latin can suffice. But to those for whom the book was planned it may be heartily commended. If haply it shall produce a more general acquaintance with Chaucer, we shall expect it also to free him from the smart judgment, often heard, that he appeals only because he is quaint and that his characters are too simple to touch our own more complicated age.

#### SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

BERGEN, Norway, October 21.

One of the books which has attracted much attention in Denmark this season is Edmund Gosse's "Two visits to Denmark, 1872, 1874," translated into Danish by Valdemar Rørdam, and published by Gyldendal. Gosse visited Denmark at a time when a new spirit was breaking forth, and, though a stranger, fully understood and described it. Of particular interest is the account of his acquaintance with Georg Brandes, who at the moment was probably the most hated man in the country, but who, as Gosse foresaw, was soon to be one of the leaders of Danish intellectual life.

The late King Frederick was especially interested in military affairs, being a general in the Danish army, and having fought in the Dano-German war of 1864. The most important

events in his life were of a military character, and the timely little publication, by Axel Liljefalk, "Kong Fredrik den ottende, et bidrag til hans livs historie" ("King Frederick the Eighth, a Contribution to the History of his Life"), traces his career from his first service as a sub-lieutenant in the army till he led the big manoeuvres a few years ago as a general and commander-in-chief. The book does not number much more than fifty pages, but gives the chief facts of the King's life, without trying to portray the development of the country during his reign.

A novel of some vigor is Harry Sjöberg's "Af nyskovens saga" ("Of the New-Forest Saga"). The author belongs to the most promising of the younger generation in Denmark; by a former publication, "Af jordens slægt" ("Of the Earth's Race"), he obtained a name in Danish literature and a large circle of readers. His descriptions of nature, and the life in the forests and on the mountain slopes, are drawn with an intensity and force which remind one at once of Kipling, and, in Northern literature, of Johannes V. Jensen and Hamsun. The conflict in this latest novel is rather simple and lacking in originality; its interest is due to its poetical and psychological intensity, to the extraordinary fresh and direct charm by which the landscape is framed round a rough and primitive life. Among other Danish books must be noted a new (the fourth) collection of "Myths" ("Myter"), by Johannes V. Jensen, and a collected edition of Jeppe Aakjær's works, the joyful and sympathetic singer of Jutland. A book which is advertised as forthcoming is by Jacob A. Riis. "Hvorledes jeg blev amerikaner" ("How I Became an American"), most probably a translation of the author's well-known work, "The Making of an American."

Few organizations have played a more important part in Norwegian political and cultural life than the Norwegian Students' Society ("Det norske studentersamfund"), which was founded in 1813. In the Students' Society the leaders of the great cultural parties, Wergeland and Welhaven, led their bitter controversies, here Björnson orated to the lasting benefit of freedom and liberalism, and here were fought epoch-making battles for new thought and ideas. No wonder that the students, old or young, are proud and fond of their society, and no wonder that an account of the history of the society during the hundred years of its existence is met with interest and expectation. Dr. Fredrik B. Wallem's "Det norske studentersamfund gjennom 100 aar" ("The Norwegian Students' Society During 100 Years") will be complete in fifteen parts. The first of these, which has just appeared, traces the history of the organization through the nearly difficult



years, and is written with accuracy and restraint. The work will be provided with a great mass of pictures of prominent members and with other illustrations, and will no doubt prove an appropriate contribution to the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the society on the 2d of October, 1913.

The only son of Henrik Ibsen, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, is a very industrious scholar. The philosophical work which he published last Christmas, "Human Quintessence," met with great approval in many countries, and his new book, "Udsyn og Indblik" ("Views and Opinions") is likely to win equal success. Dr. Ibsen deals with political, social, and philosophical problems, and writes with the same vast knowledge, clear logic, and literary poise which marked the earlier production.

A book which will create a sensation in all the Scandinavian countries is the Norwegian professor, Yngvar Nielsen's substantial memoir, "Under Oscar 2s regjering" ("During Oscar the Second's Reign"), being notes and experiences from 1872 till 1884. The period which is here treated belongs to the stormiest in the history of the two formerly united countries, and the author, who was an active figure in the events of that day, contributes much that is new to an estimate of the leading persons in both lands. Through the whole work runs a warm and sincere sympathy and affection for the gifted King, who had the hopeless task of reconciling views and opinions which were diametrically opposed. And herein consists the main value of the work, that it throws new light on King Oscar's position in the controversy. The book should be read by all who are interested in the history and political development of the Scandinavian countries.

A bulky contribution to Dano-Norwegian literary history is Viljam Olsvig's "Ludvig Holbergs unge dage" ("Ludvig Holberg's Young Days"). Holberg was twenty years old when he left his native town, Bergen, Norway, but already had a marked personality, a solid character, and a mature intelligence. It is a curious fact, however, that no writer had heretofore told the story of Holberg's youth in Norway or had summarized the Norwegian prejudices with which he went out into the world. The work shows remarkable industry, a wealth of material having been gathered together, and will always stand as one of the chief sources for students of Holberg's early life.

Of the Swedish books of the season must be mentioned Prof. Harald Hjärne's monograph on Napoleon, which is a very able examination of the circumstances that led up to the defeat of "the great little man." A biography of Strindberg, by Gustav Uddgren, furnishes much of interest, although it is a rather fragmentary investigation of the poet's

works. The second part of Fritz von Dardel's "Minnen" ("Recollections"), which covers the period 1863 to 1865, illuminates Swedish political and court life during that time. An interesting discussion of American questions is given in the recent book by E. H. Thörnberg, "Amerikanska samhällsproblem" ("American Society Problems"). The author gives an account of the Swedish immigration to America, and deals with such other problems in the United States as those of the Trusts, the labor movement, and political corruption. The discussions appear to be well considered.

ARNE KILDAL.

#### NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

So much has been written about Dr. Johnson that it might be thought the subject was exhausted. But notwithstanding the many things, fine and foolish, that are on record, the interest in the man is perennial, and welcome sidelights may still be found by the true Johnsonians, sidelights not to be obtained from the annotations of Croker, Napier, Hill, or even of Fitzgerald. Bearing this in mind, let the bibliophile who has the chance procure a copy of the eight-page pamphlet whose title-page is here transcribed:

DIALOGUE  
BETWEEN  
DR. JOHNSON AND MRS. KNOWLES.  
LONDON:  
Printed for J. and A. ARCH, Gracechurch  
Street.  
MDCCCXCIX.  
Price Sixpence.

About the incident to which the pamphlet refers, Boswell has much to say, and to his not altogether candid narrative Croker has added a not too candid note.

Miss Jenny Harry was the daughter of Thomas Hibbert, a West Indian planter, who was born in Manchester and went to Jamaica in 1734, where he died in 1780. Her mother is said by Croker to have been a mulatto, and Jenny's birth illegitimate. She was sent to England to be educated, and the house of her guardian, Nathaniel Sprigg, of Barnes, was frequently visited by a clever Quaker lady, Mary Knowles, the wife of a wealthy physician, and herself distinguished for artistic and literary talent. Mr. Sprigg did not think it inconsistent with good manners to poke fun at the doctrines and practices of the Society of Friends, and these were defended with spirit and ability by Mrs. Knowles. Jenny Harry, a lively, sensitive girl of eighteen, was a witness of these encounters, and by the time she was twenty had become a convert to Quakerism. But, in a written statement of her reasons for the renunciation of Anglicanism, which shows much talent, she lays no stress upon Mrs. Knowles's influence, and, indeed, seems to have been either naturally or by reading and reflection the type of character to whom the doctrines of the Friends would appeal. She may be styled a "born Quaker." Miss Seward says that her father was so annoyed that he reduced her fortune from £100,000 to £1,000. Croker says that this was not the case; that her fortune was £1,000, and that her father was not angry, but gave her another £1,000. Such are the puzzles of

history! The truth seems to be that as the only surviving child of a rich man, she might reasonably have expected a large share of his fortune, but the bulk of it was left to his nephews, and apparently the legacy was increased to £2,000 at their suggestion.

Up to her adoption of Quakerism Jenny had been in favor with Dr. Johnson, who, as all the world knows, was very fond of the company of women, especially if they were clever or pretty, or both. But after she became a Quaker he discarded her, and rudely passed her in the street without a reply to her friendly greeting. Her change of religion had offended her father. Dr. Johnson's unkindness had added to her grief. She asked Mrs. Knowles to intercede for her. On April 15, 1778, Johnson was at the bookseller Dilly's, along with the faithful Boswell, Miss Anna Seward, Mrs. Knowles, a couple of clergymen, and others. The conversation ranged from Mrs. Glasse's cookery to the relative amount of liberty allowed to men and women. Friendship and universal benevolence were also considered. "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American," roared Johnson, to which Miss Seward replied, "Sir, this is an instance that we are always most violent against those whom we have injured." Then they discussed Jonathan Edwards's tremendous doctrine of the will, and many other subjects. But when Mrs. Knowles introduced the name of Jenny Harry and solicited "kind indulgence for what was sincerely a matter of conscience," Dr. Johnson brutally replied, "Madam, she is an odious wench."

So far there is substantial agreement between the three who have chronicled the conversation which ensued, and it cannot be said that in any one of them Johnson shines to advantage, either as to manners or reasoning. Boswell, in a note, declares that he made a memorandum of the dialogue at the time, but he omits to state that he asked Miss Seward for her notes, and that he asked Mrs. Knowles for hers. He garbled Miss Seward's, and he suppressed Mrs. Knowles's statement of a matter in which she was so much concerned. While Boswell's own account reappears, of course, in every edition of his immortal work, none of his editors have thought fit to print in an appendix the accounts given by the two ladies. Miss Seward's letter to Boswell sending the "minutes" he had asked for, is printed in the first volume of the *Friend*, printed at Philadelphia in 1828, and also, among other places, in the "Life of Edward Pease," by Sir Alfred Pease (1907). The same account, with verbal variations, appears in a communication to Mrs. Mompesson, December 31, 1785, which is printed in Anna Seward's "Letters." The three reporters were each dissatisfied. Boswell possibly toned down his account that he might not emphasize the Doctor's defeat. Miss Seward protested that he had garbled her statement. Mrs. Knowles was not content, because of what Miss Seward had omitted, as well as of what Boswell had suppressed and asserted. Miss Seward, writing to Helen Williams on October 19, 1788, mentions that "Mrs. K. is curiously dissatisfied with that tract, because it does not record a long, theologic dispute, which succeeded to what I did put down, and in which she ably defended her Quaker principles from the charge of Deism and absurd-



ity which the Doctor brought against them. She fancies that she appears in a poor eclipsed light on the same manuscript, because she there opposes only strong, calm, and general reasoning to the wit of her antagonist." The result was that Mrs. Knowles's version was communicated to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in June, 1791, and appeared also in the form of a pamphlet, several times reprinted, which I am now advising Johnsonians to obtain—if they can.

The "Dialogue" is lively reading. "Not I, indeed," the doctor exclaims, "I have not read your Barclay's 'Apology'; and for this plain reason—I never thought it worth my while. You are upstart sectaries, perhaps the best subdued by a silent contempt." The lady rejoined:

This reminds me of the language of the Rabbits of old, when their Hierarchy was alarmed by the increasing influence, force, and simplicity of dawning Truth, in their high day of worldly dominion. We meekly trust, our principles stand on the same solid foundations of simple truth; and we invite the acutest investigation. The reason thou givest for not having read Barclay's "Apology" is surely a very improper one for a man whom the world looks up to as a Moral Philosopher of the first rank; a Teacher, from whom they think they have a right to expect much information. To this expecting, enquiring world, how can Dr. Johnson acquit himself for remaining unacquainted with a book translated into five or six different languages, and which has been admitted into the libraries of almost every Court and University in Christendom!

Then, we are told, the doctor grew very angry, and became still more so "at the space of time the gentlemen allowed his antagonist wherein to make her defence," and his impatience excited Mr. Boswell himself, in a whisper, to say, "I never saw this mighty Lion so chafed before!"

After more discourse, the doctor said: "Well!—I must own I did not at all suppose you had so much to say for yourselves. However, I cannot forgive that little slut for presuming to take upon herself as she has done." "I hope, Doctor"—this was Mrs. Knowles's final appeal—"thou wilt not remain unforgiving; and that you will renew your friendship, and joyfully meet at last in those bright regions where Pride and Prejudice can never enter!" But he was obdurate. "Meet her! I never desire to meet fools anywhere." Mrs. Knowles adds: "This sarcastic turn of wit was so pleasantly received, that the Doctor joined in the laugh; his spleen was dissipated, he took his coffee, and became for the rest of the evening very cheerful and entertaining."

Jenny Harry, who was the cause of this conversation in what Boswell called "that tremendous evening at Dilly's," died in 1784. This was less than a year after her marriage to an Anglican, according to the Johnsonian annotators. This, if true, would show that the smiles of Dan Cupid were more powerful than the thunders of Dr. Johnson. But it was not so. Joseph Joshua Green, of Goodwyn Lodge, Hastings, has communicated to me his MS. monograph on Jenny Harry and Mary Knowles. The marriage of Jenny Harry and Joseph Thresher, Jr., a young Quaker surgeon, took place at Devonshire House, London, November 26, 1783. But her married life was brief. She died August 17, 1784, leaving a baby son, who died in the following December. And Joseph Thresher, her husband, died June 20, 1786. The long letter—long enough al-

most to make a pamphlet—which Jenny Harry addressed to her father in explanation of her passage from Anglicanism to Quakerism, is remarkable for its pathetic sincerity, and for the clearness and cogency with which she states her case. It is surely a matter of regret that, so far as I am aware, it has never been printed. I owe to the kindness of J. J. Green the opportunity of reading this interesting human document.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

## Correspondence

### UNIVERSITY FELLOWSHIPS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under present conditions universities are competing with each other in the prices bid for graduate students, and students write to a professor or to the dean of a graduate school and say: "I am a graduate student, and have had such a course; such a university will pay me so much to study there, another will pay so much; how much will you pay me?" If these fellowships were only to enable a poor man of exceptional abilities to study, there would be more reason for them. But it will always be possible to find means to enable an exceptional man, who would be wasted in another profession, to become a university professor. We all know that in practice many of these fellowships are merely subsidies to induce students to study in a particular university, rather than in some other. Thus, if there were only fellowships enough, a university with a weak faculty would seem to be as well off as one with a strong faculty, and a professor who knows little more than he learned from his own teachers would seem as useful as one who works twelve months in the year, who keeps up with the progress of his subject, and is acquiring a reputation here and abroad; students would be hired for both alike. Fellowships for graduate students take away from universities and from the professors individually a very healthful rivalry and a proper incentive to greater energy and efficiency.

But how are the students themselves affected? Is it a good thing for them to pay them for what they receive? Does it not turn the world for them upside down? These fellowships set for students a bad standard from the beginning, even if the teachers are equally good. Should young men be tempted in this way to enter an academic life, when they would be more happy and perhaps as useful on the farm or in some other business? And are we blind to the effect which this sort of subsidization is having upon the Ministry?

American universities are suffering most of all from this, that men of talent and force of character are seldom willing to enter an academic life. Able men, when they graduate from college, look beyond the few years of professional training to the profession which lies ahead. If they are strong men they are not willing to enter a profession in which it is impossible for one to live decently and to support a family, without independent means. The reason why university salaries are not larger is quite obvious, and is often stated frank-

ly; salaries will not be increased materially as long as it is possible to fill positions at the present rates. Fellowships which are subsidies to graduate students, increase artificially the supply of teachers at the present salaries, and each one hinders by just so much a change to a better state of things. If universities provided reasonable salaries for the members of their faculties, there would be no need of fellowships to induce young men of real ability to enter this profession.

It is obvious what answer will be made to all this. It will be said that there is no hope at present for any considerable change in salaries, and that, while this is so, if fellows are not paid there will be no students in the graduate schools. If, however, university professors are really adding to the knowledge and civilization of the world, this country will need them and demand them, and the demand will create a supply.

It will also be said that this argument opposes the trend of the times. Certainly many universities are hastening to increase their fellowships in number and amount in this humiliating kind of competition. But it is also true that a protest is being raised all over the country against this thing, and within the last few months the president of one of the four greatest universities in this country boasted that his institution, at least, had few fellowships.

Universities may need fellowships, many and large, for men who are no longer students, but are productive scholars, engaged in independent research. They may need fellowships as prizes for their own undergraduates, or for some other reason. But to hire students to attend their graduate courses, not one cent.

WILLIAM K. PRENTICE.

Princeton University, October 31.

### THE READING LIBRARIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a volume published last year, entitled "Facts for Freshmen Concerning the University of Illinois," there occurs, in the chapter on Library Science, the following sentence: "There is a saying that 'the librarian who reads is dead,' which means that the up-to-date librarian is too busy to find time to read books; he must know what is in them without reading them." Aside from the fact that the saying is wrongly quoted and wrongly applied, whoever penned the above sentence is preaching a false philosophy.

There is a tendency, I know, among librarians who regard themselves as "up to date" to deprecate, consciously or not, the fundamentals of librarianship, and to suppose that a librarian must be an administrator and *nothing else*. Let it be said once for all that no one is a true librarian who is not a lover and student of books. That he must be an administrator besides is another matter—he must be both. If he is *not* a student and lover of books he will never be able to find out "what is in books without reading them."

There is a legend about Justin Winsor that he could get the meat out of a book merely by glancing at the title page, preface, and index, and dipping into the text here and there. Therefore, so runs the popular application, this trick is the first

that the tyro should learn. When, however, Justin Winsor learned the trick, he had behind him a lifetime as a student of books.

"The librarian who reads is lost," wrote Mark Pattison in his life of Isaac Casaubon; that is: the librarian who reads, and reads, and does *nothing more*, is lost as far as a real understanding of his function goes. The saying has been repeated again and again since that day, in decrying the old-fashioned librarian, who regards himself as a watchdog of the books in his charge. The saying speaks the truth—as far as it goes. But when it is used for the purpose of demonstrating that librarians do not need to know anything but methods and technique, then it is made to preach a false philosophy.

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

Chicago, October 28.

#### THE COAST OF BOHEMIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a pity that you should have gone on all these years hoping for a geologist to explain how Bohemia once had a sea-coast (see "The Alienist and Literature," *Nation*, October 17). It would have been so easy to ask some historian.

The possessions of the King of Bohemia once extended to the Adriatic, and took in some parts of northern Italy. Such conditions did not last long, but the story of "A Winter's Tale" might be supposed to occur at that time, even though the years passing in the play would have stretched historical accuracy a little. Shakespeare apparently was not advised of the changes of boundary, which seem to have been rapid in Bohemia about 1270 A. D., but he was not wrong about that sea-coast.

CLARENCE A. BURLEY.

Chicago, October 21.

## Literature

### MR. BRYCE ON SOUTH AMERICA.

*South America: Observations and Impressions.* By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

The keynote of Mr. Bryce's attitude towards travel in general and towards South America in particular is given in his introduction (p. xxii):

The duty of a traveller, or a historian, or a philosopher, is, of course, to reach and convey the exact truth, and any tendency either to lighten or to darken the picture is equally to be condemned. But where there is room for doubt, and wherever that which may be called the "temperamental equation" of the observer comes in, an optimistic attitude would seem to be the safer, that is to say, likely to be nearer the truth. We are all prone to see faults rather than merits. . . . If this maxim holds true, it is especially needed when a traveller is judging a foreign country, for the bias always present in us which favors our national ways and traits, makes us judge the faults of other nations more severely than we do those with which we are familiar. As this unconscious factor present in our minds darkens the picture

that a traveller draws, it is safer for him, if in doubt, to throw a little light so as to secure a just result.

Fairness and common-sense are essential in a book of travel, and these qualities are present in almost every page of this book, but there is a decided tendency, as shown by the quotation given, to over-emphasize the good points and pass over lightly the weak points of South American life.

Mr. Bryce's journey to South America was along the "beaten path" of railways and steamship lines, but he managed to see and learn more of the country and its people and to look deeper into their past, their present, and their future, than many who have written books on South America after years of residence within the country.

The most important chapters and those to which the reader will naturally turn first are those at the end of the book. In the *Rise of New Nations* (chapter xii) the author discusses the influences which have served to divide the South American continent into distinct nations. He finds that Chili (the country which seems to have pleased him the most), Argentina, Peru, Uruguay, and Brazil may be regarded as nations in the European sense of the word, having distinctive traits of character and a strong national self-consciousness. Although, as he says, a Costa Rican and an Argentine differ less than a Texan and a Vermonter, the feeling of a common Hispano-American brotherhood is weak. The memories of the former greatness of Spain, a common aversion to the Spanish yoke before the War of Independence, and even the Roman Catholic faith do not serve to bring about a feeling of unity. "The only thing that to-day would draw the republics into line and knit them together would be any threat of aggression from outside. They have long ceased to fear invasion, still less subjugation, by any European Power. But the enormous strength of the United States and recollections both of the war she waged against Mexico in 1846 and of some more recent events make them watch the actions of that country with a sensitive suspicion which even the correctness of her conduct in twice evacuating Cuba has not entirely dispelled."

This is the place where we should have welcomed a discussion of the political aspects of the Monroe Doctrine. In a later chapter (p. 509) he writes, from the point of view of the South American: "Since there are no longer rain-clouds coming up from the east, why should a friend, however well-intentioned, insist on holding an umbrella over us? We are quite able to do that for ourselves if necessary." The discussion of political questions is avoided, as is shown by the following: "With politics I have in this chapter, and in-

deed in this book, nothing whatever to do." Mr. Bryce's delicacy in this matter, although regrettable, is capable of explanation.

In discussing the relation of North and South America Mr. Bryce asks whether the term "Pan-Americanism" describes a fact or merely conveys an interesting aspiration. He finds that "Teutonic America" and Spanish America have nothing in common but two names, the name America and the name Republican. The fact is lamented that the same name was given to North and South America in the first place: "How much trouble would have been saved and how many mistakes avoided!"

There is a masterly discussion of the meaning of the word Republic. Attention is called to the distinction between the mere name and that which is behind the name. It is not enough to call nations republican and thus place them all in a single category. The word as used in South America may or may not cover a multitude of sins. Serious impediments are present in some of the countries at least to retard the realization of the hope for true republicanism. Physical conditions prevent in many places inter-communication between different parts of the same country and delay the building up of a national feeling. Racial conditions, together with economic and social conditions, hinder the establishment of a sufficient number of citizens in the true sense of the word. Historical conditions are all against the republican point of view. Excluding Chili and Argentina, Mr. Bryce is brought to the conclusion that the countries of South America have never been democracies in any real sense of the word. He adds that injustice is done to South America by censures and criticism which ignore these fundamental facts. "The Constitutions did not suit the facts and the facts had to prevail against the Constitutions, sometimes against their letter, usually against their spirit."

Three classes of states are distinguished: the first in which representative institutions are present in name only, whereas a military despotism is the real condition of affairs. Hayti is cited as the worst example. Mr. Bryce's evident dislike of giving offence keeps him from mentioning the names of others. The second class is that which has a Legislature imposing some restraint upon the Executive, as Mexico under Diaz. True republics form the third class. Chili and, to a less extent, Argentina are good examples of a free constitutional commonwealth. It is to be regretted that Mr. Bryce, who so frequently mentions Central America in his book, has refrained from discussing the results of British rule under a governor appointed by the King as seen in the Crown Colony of British Honduras.



With the author's usual optimism, the future for South America is held to be by no means as dark as some others have painted it. "Taking the eleven South American states as a whole, their condition is better than it was sixty years ago." Hopes are held out that this continent may finally catch up with the rest of the world, and will regain the two centuries it lost while under the rule of the Spanish crown.

Chapter xiii is an admirable discussion of the relation of races. A marked contrast is shown between North America and its problems dealing with the Indian and negro populations and South America and its inferior peoples. There is no "color question" in South America. Every one is classed as white who is not wholly of Indian blood, and the mixed population is thus added to the white. The subject of miscegenation is taken up briefly. The purity of the white race is not thought essential to the future upbuilding of the country. It is believed that a fusion of the races now inhabiting South America—aborigines, European, and African—will ultimately come about.

Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is named in the first sentence of the introduction as one of the reasons for the desire of the author to visit South America. One is therefore a little disappointed to find that the ancient civilizations are not treated more fully and in more detail. No doubt the short time spent in the country and the nature of the journey did not permit a more exhaustive examination of the ruins of the western coast. The usual pitfalls of exaggeration and Asiatic influence to account for the Central and South American cultures are avoided. The violent methods of the early Spanish explorers and the injury done the Incas are rightfully lamented. The Conquerors "destroyed, in the thoughtless insolence of force and greed, the whole system of society and government. . . . Wretchedness had replaced prosperity; such virtues as the people had possessed were disappearing, their spirit was irretrievably broken. The serfdom to which the peasantry were by the Conquest subjected was not paternal, as that of the Incas had been, and was harsher, because the new master was a stranger without sympathy or compassion."

Mr. Bryce's necessary avoidance of discussion of any topic likely to be embarrassing to this country is seen especially in his reference to Panama. Our Government had tried to obtain a grant from the republic of Colombia. No reasonable terms could be arranged. A revolt took place, and the new republic of Panama resulted and gave to the United States a perpetual lease of a strip of land ten miles in width. Nothing more! Another opportunity for

just criticism is passed over in the discussion of the fortifications of the Canal, which the author describes as the "greatest liberty man has ever taken with Nature." An implied doubt as to the wisdom of fortification is shown in the sentence, "The visitor who sees the slopes where these forts and batteries are to be placed asks who are the enemies whom it is desired to repel?"

There are throughout the book many paragraphs of common-sense advice, in addition to the one already quoted from the introduction, which might well be taken to heart by travellers of all classes. Only one of these can be given: "It is a sound maxim never to lay weight upon uncertain causes when certain causes are available as explanations."

A few minor errors may be pointed out. Palenque is not in Yucatan. "Chulpa" (p. 133) and "chulpa" (p. 137) are probably the same word, and the use of the second with its definition is the proper one.

Every reader will thank Mr. Bryce for writing a book of travel so entertaining and so instructive that the lack of illustrations is not felt. Like the over-done illustrated lecture consisting of lantern slides, and now, of moving pictures, with a running commentary, far too many books of travel depend upon their pictures to carry the narrative. It is certainly to be hoped that Mr. Bryce may give us an equally good account of his recent trip to Australia and New Zealand.

#### CURRENT FICTION.

*At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque.* By Anatole France. A translation by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson, with an introduction by William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.75 net.

There are some books of Anatole France's that will last as long as men continue to read Lucian, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Gil Blas. "At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque" is one of them. When you have turned the last page, you will recognize that the work belongs on the Index, you may think that it should be supplied with an appendix like Don Juan's classics, you may pitch it into the fire, chuckling like the delighted monastic censors in the painting. But you know very well that you cannot put an end to the abounding life that is in Monsieur l'Abbé Jérôme Coignard and his reverent pupil Tournebroche. With all their gross imperfections on their heads they are marked, like Tom Jones and Falstaff, for immortality. The English parallels are very inadequate. Tom Jones is only a spirited young animal. Falstaff resembles the abbé in being big-bodied, genial, a drunkard, a thief, a carnal sinner, and a sentimentalist; and yet, after all, he is but a

lovable, brutal Englishman without culture or philosophy. Jérôme Coignard partakes heartily of the common sinful humanity of Sir John, but he includes, besides, within his ample sphere, nearly everything that his creator finds to love, pity, and deride in the civilization of the ancients, the Latin Christianity filtered through the Middle Ages, and the rationalism of the early eighteenth century.

Ex-priest, ex-professor of eloquence in the college of Beauvais, ex-librarian to the bishop of Séz, author of a translation of Zozimus the Panipolitan, this wine-drinking, wenching, mellow-hearted debauchee is, like M. France himself, a follower at the same time of Epicurus and Saint Francis of Assisi. A child of the "enlightenment" before the Encyclopædists and a disciple of Descartes, he keeps his religion and his philosophy in water-tight compartments: "Jacques Tournebroche, my son, be mindful never to put faith in absurdities, but to bring everything to the test of reason save in the matter of our holy religion." A student of theology, he is deeply read in the Fathers, and when he is in the vein, can be unctuous, devout, and seriously concerned for the salvation of his soul. He is also a classical scholar versed in the most recondite Grecian and Roman authors, and his rich table-talk is redolent of a charming erudition; but, when he is buried in a library and weary of labor and devotion, he does not hesitate to indulge his powerful sensuality in fare fitter for Trimalchio's feast than for the provender of a man of God. Escaping with some stolen false diamonds and some bottles of white wine from a drunken brawl in which he has stabbed a man, the good abbé is delayed on the Lyons road by the wrecking of his coach, overtaken by his pursuers at nightfall, and mortally wounded. Yet he lives long enough to make a beautiful repentance, obtaining salvation in the moment of death, and he expires in a pleasant odor of sanctity, not a little consoled by the fact that, as he had been struck down by a Jew, he "perished a victim to a descendant of the executioners of Christ."

M. France has given us his personal commentary on the abbé in a charming study of thirty-five pages prefixed to the companion volume, "Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard," published in the same year, 1893, with the "Reine Pédaque." In 1909 he returned to the theme with "Les Contes de Jacques Tournebroche." We mention these facts because, in the two or three pages of general appreciation with which Mr. Locke introduces the work before us, he does not mention them. After due reflection we cannot guess why Mr. Locke was asked to write this preface, unless it was because he is the author of a popular book called "The Beloved Vaga-



bond." If our conjecture is correct, he has neglected a very pretty opportunity to acknowledge a debt and to discourse on the differences between the spirit of English and of French fiction. The relation between "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque" and "The Beloved Vagabond" is interesting. That Mr. Locke has borrowed in some fashion the happy invention of Coignard and Tournebroke—*cela saute aux yeux*. He sets out, just as M. France does, with the adoption of a clever boy engaged in a menial occupation by a very learned, very dirty, very benevolent vagabond of philosophical habit; and the boy in each case writes the memoirs of the alliance. But the two authors walk only a short way together. Mr. Locke's tale is conceived in English sentiment; his philosopher conceals beneath his soiled shirt a deathless romantic passion. M. France's tale is conceived in philosophical irony and Gallic cynicism; beneath all his classical and Christian culture, M. Jérôme Coignard is a sensualist, pure and simple. The one would persuade us that man is a flower that smells sweet and blossoms in the dust; the other presents man as an "obscene and evil fly" remarkably imprisoned in amber. If Mr. Locke could have overcome his diffidence, how gracefully he might have embroidered on his theme!

*The Woman of It.* By Mark Luther. New York: Harper & Bros.

The situation upon which this story is founded is a familiar one, but still worth interpreting. Stephen Braisted is a kinsman of Silas Lapham. He has reached middle age as clerk in a store at Tuscarora Falls, New York. By accident his wife hits upon a "relish" which he succeeds in getting upon the market. It becomes popular, even famous. Wealth pours in, and in due time Braisted goes to Washington as a member of the House. The son of the family is at Yale, and the daughter is placed in a fashionable and exclusive school in Washington. Braisted becomes immersed in politics of the practical sort, and his social ambition is roused. It all goes to his head. Meanwhile the wife, stout, old-fashioned, not even grammatical, is unable to follow him in his new course. She makes pathetic attempts—consults a beauty specialist, buys expensive clothes, and so on; but her Stephen still drifts away from her.

All this is genuine and moving, as a situation, and for twenty out of his twenty-odd chapters Mr. Luther makes a sincere attempt to interpret it with simplicity and dignity, and succeeds so far as Mrs. Braisted herself is concerned. And then suddenly and almost without warning the whole thing cheapens and flattens out. Mrs. Braisted undergoes a violent conversion from the mild, sweet-hearted, rural wife and mother, we have known, to an alert, masterful wo-

man of the world. Her rustic speech and manner go by the board. She, in fact, ceases to be, and another person takes her name and pushes the story, by way of a bit of melodrama, to a "snappy" conclusion. It is a pity.

*The Inheritance.* By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If it were not for its fantastic plot, this would be a really comfortable story in which a household of young people grow up together quite as they used to do in the pleasant pages of Miss Alcott. But the plot contains many more astonishing things than could conceivably pertain to the normal course of young life in South Warwick, Connecticut, from the bread-and-milk to the marrying stage. This groundwork of likelihood is shot through with lurid gleams—recollections, revelations, adventure abroad, strange psychical mishaps. Most of the extraordinary features of the tale have to do with the parentage of the boy and the girl whom hospitable Dr. Caldwell adopts into his family and who grow up among his own sons to be the two pillars of his home, the one the doctor's professional successor, the other the ruling spirit of the house. The trouble is that these two very natural and agreeable young persons appear so thoroughly at home in their Connecticut environment that the reader finds it hard to take a proper interest in Hugh's claim to a title and estate in England; or in the brilliant position which Chrissy's mother held in Bermuda society before she married a savant in the last stages of Egyptology and came to vegetate in South Warwick.

As to how the good doctor sustained the loss of his personality by hitting heads with a tramp in a thunderstorm, that would make a good story by itself—which is to say that the pseudo-scientific does not, any more than the romantic, properly come inside the covers of this book.

#### LAMB'S FRIEND THE CENSUS TAKER.

*Life and Letters of John Rickman.* By Orlo Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50 net.

The subject of this memoir was not a brilliant letter-writer, and his character in general had more of the solid qualities than the entertaining, yet he is one of the men of his age with whom we are most pleased to become acquainted and whose biography we welcome accordingly. This is partly for the contingent reason that he belonged to Lamb's intimate circle of whist-players and furnished that maker of reputations with the theme for one of his most delightful letters. But that is by no means the sole reason. Rickman was a type, a very interesting type, and stands

out with peculiar clearness by contrast with his associates. In an age of strong democratic drift, he was a triple-dyed and unrelenting Tory; in a circle of careless Bohemians, he was practical and prudent almost to harshness; among poets and philosophers who were introducing the new romantic movement, he was, not properly classical, but anti-romantic to the point of artistic obtuseness. Withal, if not precisely a lovable figure, he is thoroughly admirable, and beneath his somewhat forbidding exterior had qualities of honor and generosity, together with the rare gift of friendship, which draw us to him almost despite ourselves. Lamb wrote of him: "His memory will be to me as the brazen serpent to the Israelites,—I shall look up to it, to keep me straight and honest." Coleridge thought him a "sterling man," and Talfourd called him "the sturdiest of jovial companions." The present biographer, whose work we may say at once has been excellently carried out, thus sums him up:

Rickman's friendships with these men and others—Poole, Telford, the engineer, and the Burneys—were characterized by a certain external formality which strikes rather chill upon the modern reader, who must remember, however, that society a hundred years ago was more patriarchal and punctilious than it is to-day. Yet rigidity was natural to the man. His family motto was "Fortitude in Adversity," and perhaps a puritanical fortitude in everything would best sum up his character. He was sturdily unromantic. He could write to Southey that he had "lately imported a wife," and remonstrate with Poole for supposing that he married for love. In his family his word was law, and even to his children his letters were rather portentously solemn. The grave homily administered to his daughter Ann on the occasion of her having confessed her inability to play quadrille music at a children's party might have come out of a Jane Austen novel. His taste for pleasure was not very highly developed. When the Lambs took him to Sadler Wells he slept, and his only recreation consisted in long driving tours in the yellow gig which Mrs. Lefroy describes, and these tours were planned on distinctly "improving" lines. He had a hatred of show and affectation, which led him to avoid "dinner-party intercourse," and deliberately banish the terms "drawing-room" and "dining-room" from his own house. A little litany which comes at the end of a letter to Southey gives a clue to some of his dislikes: "From all novelists, tourists, anecdotists, beauty-mongers, selectors, abbreviators, *et id genus omne*; good Lord deliver us! And also from overgrown theatres, which insure bad plays and bad acting." The beauties of Nature, he thought, were morbidly insatiated on by the Lake poets; in his view they should be "as play hours." But Rickman was not in the least crabbed. "You know," he said, "I am in the habit of looking on the white side of fatality"; and again: "The wiser economy of life is to live as much as possible and to dislike as little as possible." Neither was he a domestic tyrant, and his excellent letters on Bessie Southey are proof that

He had a fatherly soul. His home life, indeed, was undisturbedly happy.

John Rickman, the son of a sturdy vicar of Newburn in Northumberland, was born in 1771. He was educated at Guildford Grammar School and at Magdalen Hall and Lincoln College, Oxford. In 1797 he met Southey, then residing with his wife at Burton, near Christchurch, and a friendship was formed which lasted untroubled through life. Most of the letters in the present volume are from the voluminous correspondence which passed between the two. He was at first, like Southey, a radical, but, like Southey again, turned soon to conservatism and became more and more of a Tory with years. The chief event of his life was his appointment in 1802 to the position of Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons. This place he held for twelve years, exchanging it for that of Clerk of the Table, which he held for twenty-six years—until his death in 1840. Though violently opposed to the Reform movement, he performed his duties to the Reform Parliament with exemplary faithfulness. His diligence in preparing information for various bills and in indexing the Journals was enormous. And to these duties he added various exacting outside tasks, chief of which was his development of the national census. There were few men in England more systematically busy.

It would be interesting to gather excerpts from his letters to show the man in his many relations and activities, but we can only indicate a work which has, indeed, already been well done by Mr. Williams in his admirable Introduction. In politics Rickman was, as we have said, a staunch, some would say an outrageous, Tory. To him the men at the head of the Reform movement, whom he served decorously as Clerk, were a set of reckless incendiaries, whose guilt was only equalled by the feebleness and cowardice of their opposers. Nor was Rickman without a philosophy of his own in his reactionary zeal. His hatred of the enlarged enfranchisement and of the transfer of power from those who have to those who have not, was only a single phase of his opposition to the whole humanitarian movement of the day. Though a man of great private liberality, he stood unflinchingly for what he regarded as "justice" against what he held to be "sentimentalism." "Pray, avoid superfluous liberality," he writes to Southey, "the growing vice of the age; and much connected (as I suppose I could prove) with the mock humanity of the day—the most powerful tool at present of the anarchy. Justice as a general rule, liberality as a rare exception, for if not rare it supersedes the rule, so that the good are not protected, and the bad not restrained. Be sure that a

great deal more selfishness than either you or I have, is but justice."

This dislike of sentimentality is really the keynote of Rickman's character. Something of this was seen in the extract quoted above from Mr. Williams's Introduction. A lover of beauty may protest when this trait leads a man into indifference, if not to actual distaste, for poetry and the arts in general. Yet there are compensations. If nothing more, there is at least something almost funny in Rickman's rigid attempt to criticise his friend Southey's epics while admitting virtually that all epics, not Southey's only, are a nuisance. And in contrast with the Dyers and Burnetts and other intellectual tatterdemallions whom Lamb gathered about him and forced on his honest friends, there is a fine refreshment in Rickman's magnificent philistinism. One confesses sadly that the beggarly ways of Coleridge as hinted at in these pages makes one almost wonder whether a housemaid is not of greater service in the general economy of things than the Muses. The most interesting parts of these letters deal with the strange Bohemians who hung upon Rickman and Lamb, helped by the latter with a sympathy half-divine and half-disreputable, and by the former with money and austere advice. We would quote largely from these episodes, were we not sure that every lover of Lamb will desire to read the book in its integrity. It would be contrary to the justice which Rickman so manfully worshipped to say that the amusing passages color his correspondence as a whole, but a hint of the rarer good things may be gathered from these sentences in a letter dated November 7, 1801:

I send you herewith what I much value; a letter from Lamb of exquisite, perhaps unparalleled description; and of an interesting affair; literally and seriously, of G. Dyer *starving to death* and rescued from that rueful fate by the said C. Lamb. What strange men do we know! Dyer, who can starve to death, *without knowing it*, Lamb, who can rescue him, and *enjoy it as a joke*, and Burnett, of whom no mortal can make anything: certainly most unaccountable of all.

*Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt.* By James Henry Breasted, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

This is the most notable contribution to the history of religions recently made, and it is the most valuable ever made to the history of the religion of Egypt. It embodies the most exact scholarship of the type commonly regarded as German; and it is characterized by the brilliancy which is usually ascribed to the French. On one side there is a minute, exhaustive, and comprehensive study of the sources, and on the other a constructive ability which leaves no

thing to be desired. The reader is taken back to the beginning of recorded religious texts, and is led through those of succeeding ages to the time when development had ceased and the original conceptions had become lost in the haze of antiquity.

Previous writers have confined themselves largely to the materials furnished by the so-called "Book of the Dead," long regarded as the main religious manual of the Egyptians. Temple texts found on walls, inscribed as late as the times of the Ptolemies, have furnished their share of material. Inscriptions from tombs of various periods have been used, but in none of the earlier books has there been an investigation based upon historical sequence, and one looks in vain for a perception of development in thought and conception. One may even find the assertion that there was no such thing as progress in Egyptian religious thought.

This state of things is not so much the fault as the misfortune of previous students and writers. But given the material, constructive talent was also needed, and the combination has only just become possible. Dr. Sethe of Göttingen has recently furnished the former, and Professor Breasted has demonstrated his possession of the latter.

It is about two years since a correct text of the Pyramid Texts was published by the German scholar. Twenty-five years ago Maspero, indeed, printed them, but in such incorrect form that little could be made of them. The texts in question were discovered many years ago in the smaller pyramids whose remains may still be seen at Sakkarah. Dating from the V and VI Dynasties, they form the earliest known contemporary and continuous religious documents. By reason of their antiquity they offered great difficulties of interpretation even to those familiar with the language in its later periods. There were variations in orthography, vocabulary, and grammatical construction which made them almost unintelligible.

Professor Breasted took these texts as his starting point and devoted nine months to their translation and to the comparisons upon which the presentation in his modest volume is based. Having ascertained the beginnings, he proceeded to follow the development and modifications of conception through the twenty centuries that followed. But it was not only the religious notions which called for delineation. The growth of moral conceptions also demanded investigation. As a result, his book gives an intimate view of the thought of a long-perished people, such as cannot be found elsewhere in works on Egypt.

The period covered by the Pyramid Texts is only one hundred and fifty years in the first half of the third millennium before our era. Their ruling conceptions were those of the earlier



solar faith of the sun-god, Re. There existed also a rival cult, that of the god Osiris, who was associated with life and growth as seen in the phenomena of nature. It is little less than marvellous that the steps of the conflict between these rival religious systems should have been revealed to us, yet not only have they been traced, but we see the progress of the gradual triumph of the cult of Osiris over the solar faith. The first steps of the conflict go back to this remote period; the last are found near the end of the history when the earlier faith was giving way or had succumbed already to the malign influence of magic.

The section of the book which shows in the clearest way the appreciation of Egyptian religious aspiration is found in the chapters which deal with the religious reforms of the "heretic" king, Ikhnaton, Amenhotep IV. His ill-fated and futile attempt to introduce a solar monotheism is traced in its origin and development with a thoroughly sympathetic pen. The story as told by Professor Breasted is vital and pulses with the throb of religious emotion. No such delineation has been presented before.

The religious side of the discussion will interest a certain class of readers, but the social side is calculated to appeal to even a wider body. Religion and morals have not always travelled hand in hand, but where moral sanctions are most prominent there religion has had its influence. In Egypt the promises of the future at first concerned only the king, but gradually the classes and finally the masses came into view, and the prospect of future felicity became increasingly widespread. This progress was accompanied by changes in the conceptions of the chief deities, to whom were now ascribed thought and solicitude for men. Moral worthiness or unworthiness came to be emphasized in these conceptions, and there are evidences of a demand for social justice which anticipated the same cry to-day. This "emergence of the moral sense" had its effects not only upon the everyday life of the time, but also upon religion, particularly in reference to the future. Here radical changes are evident. Conscience assumed a more commanding place. When foreign conquest broadened the outlook of the Egyptian, so that he was no longer restricted to the narrow strip of land bounded by the mountains which rise east and west of the Nile valley, a conception of a world-god emerged. But the notion was too broad for the time, and it was opposed to the interests of the priests whose vested property rights promised to be restricted and whose prerogatives were seriously threatened. The brilliant ideals of the time were obscured and there was a relapse which marked the coming end. Magic, with its evil influence and its deadening of

the moral sense, gained ascendancy. Religion became mere formalism, and the nation fell a prey to foreign invaders.

*The Trooper Police of Australia.* By A. L. Haydon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.75 net.

An American reprint of this instructive book from Australia is to be welcomed. The fine body of constabulary whose history and present status are herein described is a mainstay of law and order through the vast outlying regions of that southern continent. The smallness of its numbers is surprising in view of the immense area patrolled and the efficiency of the service. Each of the seven states of the Commonwealth furnishes and controls its quota, but all coöperate, so that it is virtually a homogeneous body, composed of picked men. The recruit must be at least twenty years old, well-statured, and physically perfect. He must be a good rider, able to read and write, and of proved intelligence. He is put to a rigid school in which his mind and frame are vigorously developed. His mastery of the horse, and also of the camel, is made certain. He learns, too, the elements of law, medicine, and accounts, and whatever will help him to administer widely. His pay is good, his promotion sure if he is meritorious, and support certain in old age and disability. The service attracts excellent men, its prestige everywhere is high, and its value in the wild regions which are its especial care is of the greatest.

The work is done largely by the troopers singly, though upon occasion they act in squads; any massing of the force is rare. In emergency the force may receive aid from the regular soldiery. It always has valuable auxiliaries in the "blacks," whose dexterity in tracking is superhuman, or, better, infra-human. The trooper is first and foremost the upholder of the law, but he has been called "the handy man" of Australia. He instructs the backwoods justices as to the statutes, advises the bush-doctor in the treatment of his patients, lends a hand to surveyor, tax-gatherer, and postman, is the resourceful pathfinder; in sum, stands as guide, counsellor, and friend of the scattered settlers in all their perplexities.

The Trooper Police, during the ninety years of its history, has performed its work under varying conditions. It works in widely differing climates, in well-nigh impenetrable jungles, in rugged mountain-tracts, hardest of all in far-stretching, waterless deserts. The forms of crooked and short-coming humanity, with which it has had to deal, have been infinite in number, involving it constantly in embarrassing complications. Throughout her early period, Australia suffered the worst blight that can befall a country: receiving,

with a few willing, honest settlers, a multitude of convicts. These came in fleets, through a series of years, well-nigh wrecking all hope for a proper state. The evil became only slowly apparent to its perpetrators, but the system was at last abandoned. The number of good immigrants increased; of the criminals, not a few showed that they were the victims of harsh conditions, needing only opportunity to develop into good citizenship. But when a better order seemed at hand, a new danger suddenly appeared. The discovery of gold brought upon the land an overwhelming influx of lawless, adventurous spirits. Europeans of every nation were jostled in the diggings by Asiatics and Polynesians. It was a Babel of tongues, of traditions, of ideals. The only thing in common was the greed for gold, a principle always isolating and never a bond. This second crisis, so acute half a century ago, was successfully passed. Seven fair Anglo-Saxon states have emerged from the confusion, which in our own day have united in a hopeful Commonwealth.

Throughout the turmoils early and late, the struggling provincial Governments, determined on preserving some semblance of civilized order, have had in the Trooper Police a good right arm. Mr. Haydon tells the story clearly and with much vivid detail. Mistakes in management have often occurred, but the Governments have made stepping-stones of their blunders, and with British tenacity have pushed on to better things. Few institutions of Australia are better worth study than its Trooper Police. The story is made graphic by concrete instances, and the reader's admiration grows for these intrepid and effective public servants.

Circumstances in America have been in some ways similar to those in Australia, though we have never suffered from such handicaps as the vast convict importation, or the influx, before well-ordered communities had time to grow and organize, of vast hordes of lawless gold-seekers. Nevertheless, stable citizenship in the wild West, and in many Eastern areas, has had similar difficulties to face. We have had, however, no such efficient instrument for guarding our peace as the Australian constabulary; and have been a prey to disorders which our south-sea brothers have controlled. Canada, indeed, has had in its "Mounted Police" an admirable organization, but we presume that this has not been so widely and pervasively potent as the Australian force. In the United States such an instrument is almost entirely lacking. In our older States, "Molly Maguires," "moonshiners," "white-caps," "James boys," and "Younger gangs" defy the law, and in the newer States disorders arise which we strive to cope with only

through Judge Lynch or the vigilance committee, falling back upon the regular army when chaos impends. The Canadians have done better than we, the Australians far better; and our Legislators, and citizens generally, appalled so often by eruptions of outlawry, may read with profit this record of how men of our stock, wiser than we, have conquered dangers even more threatening than our own.

## Notes

Prof. John M. Gillette has in the press of Sturgis & Walton his new book, "Constructive Rural Sociology."

What promises to be an important book is Prof. Josiah Royce's "The Problem of Christianity," announced by Macmillan for early next year.

Kipling's "Kim" will be brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co. in a special edition, wherein will appear for the first time reproductions in color of the terra-cotta plaques of the story, executed by the author's father, John Lockwood Kipling.

Other books announced by the same house include the following: "In Other Words," a book of verse by Franklin P. Adams; "The Heather Moon," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "Chasing the Blues," by R. L. Goldberg, and "Brotherly House," by Grace S. Richmond.

George H. Doran Co. brings out this autumn a highly varied list of fiction, including: "A Health unto His Majesty," by Justin Huntly McCarthy; "Jack: One of Us," being a novel in verse by Gilbert Frankau; "The Major's Niece," by G. A. Birmingham; "Corporal Cameron," by Ralph Connor; "Valserine," by Marguerite Audoux; "The Key-Note," by Alphonse de Chateaubriant; "Meadowsweet," by Baroness Orczy; "Back Home," by Irvin S. Cobb, and "Adventures of Kitty Cobb," by James Montgomery Flagg.

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford) is about to issue, through Dutton, "The Honorable Mrs. Garry," a novel of fashionable London.

Henry Holt & Co. promise for this week G. H. Perris's "Germany and the German Emperor."

That commission government is far from implying of necessity efficient government, is the lesson of "The New City Government" (Appleton), by Henry Bruère. As a director of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, the author undertook an "administrative survey" of ten commission-governed cities in Iowa, Kansas, Texas, and West Virginia, for the purpose of providing "a fact basis for judgment regarding the general character of commission government administration." The present book, which is the result, is a mass of organized information relating to the manner in which these cities meet their responsibilities. The activities investigated range from accounting systems to provision for protection of life and health. How much below advanced standards in one of the most important of these respects a widely-heralded commis-

sion-governed city can be, is told in the following passage:

It is almost beyond belief that Des Moines, proclaimed as efficiently governed, should have no means of knowing the number of its inhabitants who die each year, or what they die of, and that it does not learn, or apparently care, about the number of births, or whether infants live or die, and if they die, the reason therefor. Des Moines doesn't even so much as attempt to know the number of persons having tuberculosis.

The book falls in two parts, the first four chapters being an exposition of the commission movement, with particular reference to the ten selected cities, while the bulk of the volume is concerned with their progress in efficiency. All these latter chapters are as applicable to non-commission cities as to the others. They emphasize the fact that efficiency is inherent in no form of government, although it has, in certain instances, not unnaturally accompanied the wave of reform that has swept in the commission plan. For town and city officials, especially, but for every one who is interested in civic improvement, the material that has been gathered and arranged in this authoritative compendium is of high value, and it is not available elsewhere.

By his popular adaptation of the Finnish "Kalevala" James Baldwin has put a noble old story at the disposition of youthful readers. Save in the case of certain chants and spells, the epic verse has been replaced by prose. Yet it is clear that the spirit of the original has not been greatly impaired. Mr. Baldwin has named his version "The Sampo" after the mill of bounty which Ilmarinen, prince of smiths, forged for Dame Louhi, the wise hag of the North, that he might win her daughter, the Maid of Beauty. Because this romance is made the centre of the present book, the deeds of the minstrel, Wainamoinen, receive less attention than in the poem, yet his outline is well sketched, as are those of outlying personages. One can readily understand the interest which Longfellow found in Finnish saga, for nowhere else, outside of Greek mythology, will you see the primitive forces of nature in such close conjunction with the doings of man. Mr. Baldwin and the Scribes may be commended for preparing an entertaining and serviceable book.

The fifth volume of the "Selected Writings of William Sharp" (Duffield & Co.) brings us, according to the title page, "Vistas, The Gypsy Christ, and Other Prose Imaginings." The opening words of Mrs. Sharp's Bibliographical Note are significant:

The volume of "Dramatic Interludes," entitled "Vistas," was originally published by Frank Murray in his Regent series (The Moray Press, Derbyshire) in 1894. A few months later the succeeding volume in the series was "Pharais: A Romance of the Isles," the first of the writings issued by William Sharp over the signature "Fiona Macleod"; and "Vistas" is considered by some of his readers to be a link between the two methods of his thought and work.

Of that connection there can, we think, be no doubt. Its significance is brought out by a sentence or two of Mr. Sharp himself in his "Foreword" to the Interludes:

Some of my critics say that "Vistas" is but an English reflection of the Maeterlinckian *l'ère*. Two of the most Maeterlinckian are, by those critics, held to be "A Northern Night" and "The Passing of Lil-

ith"—creations, if such they may be called, anterior to the fortunate hour when I came for the first time upon "La Princesse Maleine" and "L'intruse." I say "the fortunate hour," for almost from the first moment it seemed clear to me that the Belgian poet-dramatist had introduced a new and vital literary form. . . . A great creative period is at hand.

Now, there are indications a-plenty that Mr. Sharp regarded his Celtic writings, published under the pseudonym of "Fiona Macleod," as the herald voice of this new creative epoch. He thought, too, he was drawing his inspiration from the old wells of Celtic faith. As a matter of fact, it is perfectly clear that the tone and sense of this new school came not at all from the ancient literature of Ireland and Scotland, but were a proper offshoot of that peculiar romanticism which produced the Young Belgium and were fortified by the actual productions of Maeterlinck. Far from expressing the strength of a new dawn, Fiona Macleod was caught by the shimmering elusive beauty of a movement fast approaching deliquescence.

To the taste of the present reviewer, at least, the most interesting piece in this volume of William Sharp is "Madge o' the Pool," not named in the title page, a strong and finely conceived story of the Thames river "rats." "The Gypsy Christ" is too long-drawn-out and suffers by comparison with Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher." The rambling meditations on feminine beauty, entitled "Ecce Puella," are, it must be admitted, rather feeble. The "Vistas" are, as has been said, dramatic visions in the Maeterlinckian vein, and will seem successful to those who like that sort of thing. Their tone is well enough indicated by the stage directions at the opening of the first: "[An obscure wood, at whose frontiers neither night nor day prevails, but only a dread twilight, a brief way beyond the portals of the Grave. In the vast vault overhead no cloud moveth, no star shineth.]"

In style uniform with the edition of William Sharp's Writings, the publishers have reissued in two volumes the "Memoir" by Mrs. Sharp. A considerable bibliography at the end gives added value to this reprint. The Memoir was reviewed at length in the *Nation* of February 16, 1911.

Prof. Julius Sachs's volume on "The American Secondary School and Some of its Problems" (Macmillan) is a forcible plea for more efficient work in the classroom, as well as for enlarged opportunities for the teacher. The author's familiarity with American and European educational methods renders his criticisms and suggestions directly helpful. As against the frequent shifting of our teaching force, he points to the stability of the profession in Germany; as against the immovability of the work of the individual teacher here, to the much more intimate contact of all teachers and the director himself with the lowest as well as the highest classes, and he finds a close connection between the comparative independence of the textbook on the part of teachers in Germany and their habit (rare in American classrooms) of moving about among the pupils. So unusual is the sight of a seated teacher in Germany, says Professor Sachs, that in sixty-five classes visited there he saw but one teacher seated before his class. Equal-



ly, radical is the difference between the privilege of taking elective courses here and abroad. In Germany an option in studies is granted only where the student has shown more than average ability and interest. Continuity in the pursuit of one subject, as much as anything else, is the secret of efficiency in the German classroom. We must refer the reader to the book itself for Dr. Sachs's stimulating remark concerning the "oral helplessness" of our pupils and the aid in the teacher's work that comes of "good health, a good constitution, sound lungs, with their concomitant, a normally resonant voice." The value of what the author says as to the need of making the pupils feel that they are all under recitation all the time might have been emphasized by referring to the conspicuous success of one of our highest institutions of learning, the Harvard Law School, where the interest is not allowed to flag for one moment, each student being under the constant stimulus of a possible direct challenge.

The purpose of the Swander Memorial Lectures, given in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church at Lancaster, Pa., is stated to be "the promulgation of sound christological science." It is difficult to see how that purpose can have been served by the delivery and the publication of Dr. George S. Butz's long course of lectures on the Renaissance, "The Rise of the Modern Spirit in Europe" (Sherman, French & Co.). Dr. Butz is evidently familiar with the Reformation, and has read many books—some good and some bad—on the Renaissance; but he would seem to have no personal acquaintance whatsoever with the letters or the art of Italy, and his presentation of the familiar material is ill-proportioned and confusing. The title is not justified by any attempt at synthetic interpretation. The spirit of the Renaissance, as such, is discussed only in one long footnote taken mainly from Symonds. Dr. Butz is guilty of such errors in fact as calling the victim of the Pazzi *Giovanni Ce' Medici*, and placing Machiavelli and Guicciardini in the fifteenth century; and of such errors in spelling—some of them repeated—as Causabon, the Chevalier Bayard, Caesere Borgia, Maecenus, and Marsilius *Facinus*. His constant straining after eloquence results in a pelting of metaphors which begins on the first page and ends only with the final adjuration: "Young gentlemen, hitch your car to the chariot of Phoebus Apollo." Michelangelo and Vittoria Colonna are "austere forms, it is true, severely beautiful, but withal concealing beneath their snowy vesture richest treasures. Those cold, stern brows but serve to veil the flashing brilliance of the diamond and at the heart of them, there glows the concentrated fire of the ruby."

A simpler and better book is J. B. Oldham's "The Renaissance," in Dutton's Temple Primer series, which offers in scarcely more than a hundred pages an introductory sketch of the leading features of the great movement. Such brevity prevents the discrimination of periods and tendencies that were really very different, and the book necessarily fails in clearness and precision; but it is generally correct, and it is thorough in its topical plan. Lack of first-hand knowledge betrays itself in the

repetition of certain generalities which are as invalid as they are familiar, and lack of appreciation in the dryness with which writers and artists are enumerated and dismissed.

Prof. Edward Jenks, already favorably known by his simple but scholarly way of presenting mediæval legal subjects, has succeeded admirably in stating concisely between the covers of a single handy volume, "A Short History of English Law" (Little, Brown), the elements of English legal history from the earliest times to the present day. "Institutes" might have been a good title for his book; for it is a comprehensive manual for beginners and busy persons who have not the leisure to read the monographic literature or even the more specific textbooks of such writers as Pollock and Maitland and Holdsworth. As the early history of English law has already been minutely studied, Professor Jenks walks at the outset in a region where the main path has been fairly well beaten out. His task is to state clearly and briefly, but with independence of judgment, what others have explained at length; to give a proper sense of proportion rather than to be complete; to stimulate rather than to satisfy. He performs his task well. Mr. Holdsworth was to be commended for the way he compressed within the compass of three volumes the development of English law down to the end of the sixteenth century. Professor Jenks covers the same ground in less than two hundred pages. For the second half of his volume, that is, for the period from the accession of Charles II to the present time, Professor Jenks, as he himself truly declares, has had to sail over an almost uncharted sea. His responsibility is great. The dangers of such a condensation as Professor Jenks has undertaken—inaccurate generalizations, omissions, desiccated compilation—he successfully avoids by his remarkable conciseness and cautiousness of statement, by his exercise of a proper historical imagination, and by his frequent employment of a discriminating adjective or striking metaphor.

Baron de Méneval, the author of "The Empress Josephine" (Lippincott), is a descendant of that well-known memoir writer who was secretary to Napoleon. As such, he is familiar with Napoleonic literature, and has written a biography to place the Emperor's first wife in a more favorable light than she has usually enjoyed. He has also had access to unpublished letters between Josephine's daughter, Hortense, and her chaplain; these reveal the unfortunate Empress as a kind, generous friend, and an excellent mother. But to find that the author (or more probably his translator) has made an error in each of the first three lines and confused Josephine with her father does not inspire initial confidence as to the accuracy of this biography; nor is this confidence strengthened when one reads a few pages later that Josephine's husband was one of the forty-seven nobles who "at the close of the sitting where the oath of the Tennis Court was taken" voted for the union of the three Estates; that "on the 20th of June, 1791, Paris awoke" to learn of the flight to Varennes; and that Louis XVI was imprisoned "in the Temple on the 10th of August." However, in spite of such inaccuracies, the book is interesting, and

is of value as a corrective to scandal-mongering biographers and gossips, who have too much harped upon Josephine's shallowness and frivolity, and too little praised her for certain amiable qualities, which she undoubtedly possessed and which she transmitted through her daughter to her grandson, Napoleon III.

The Hispanic Society of America has issued, as its eighty-fourth publication, the text of a probably unique little Spanish chapbook of the early sixteenth century, containing some verses by the poet Juan Boscán, edited by Dr. Hayward Keniston. This appears to be the only surviving example of any of Boscán's poetry printed during his lifetime. The introduction discusses this possibility with considerable erudition derived from the abundant sources available in the unequalled collection of the Hispanic Society in New York. The text is presented with ample margins, numbered lines, and notes giving the variations from the reading of the text, as the author desired it to appear. There is all the paraphernalia of exact scholarship, but no hint of any reason why this text was worth printing. The poet, in the authorized edition of his works, expressly disavowed the mutilated versions which had found a way into print, and the little tract possessed by the Hispanic Society is very interesting evidence that such versions existed, and that the author was more or less justified in his annoyance at having them appear, claiming to be his offspring. In the present case, there would be some slight literary-historical value in knowing from what part of Spain the tract came. The editor makes a guess, but does not attempt to analyze the dialectic variations. He also seems to be entirely unaware of the possibility of using the typographic evidence, for the two reproductions which accompany the reprint are much reduced in size, although the page is ample for an exact facsimile, such as might have enabled a competent investigator to identify the locality where the original was printed. The whole tract might much better have been reproduced by photographic process.

The scope of Norman Douglas's "Fountains in the Sand" (Pott & Co.) is suggested in the subtitle, "Rambles among the Oases of Tunisia." Mr. Douglas brings to his theme an uncommon capacity for chance companionship. His portraits of French, Arabs, and half-breeds are admirable. He is learned as well, a hater of sentimentalism, and possessor of an ironic wit. While the book is well filled with facts, many will read it rather for its incidental comment. A singularly detached observer, the author analyzes West and East unsparingly. The picture could not be wholly pleasant, and though Mr. Douglas eschews the pathetic and overemphatic, certain portraits of vicious and fatalistic Arabs and derelict Europeans will haunt the reader with nightmare vividness. A refreshing contrast is the French engineer in charge of the great phosphate mines of Metaloul. He is a model of robust but not sordid pragmatism, with a genius for being very simply right on the most complicated issues. A description of the Waters of Tozeur—an oasis of date palms—will represent the average graceful quality of a style that is pungently various:

Arabs will tell you that there are 194 water springs at Tozeur; they are ready to give you the names of every one of them.

and several more; these unite to form what may almost be called a river, which is then artificially divided into three rivulets—divided so neatly, says an old writer, that even some fragment of wood or other object drifting down the current is split up, perforce, into three parts, one for each of them; these three, later on, are once more subdivided into seven smaller ones apiece—twenty-one in all; and these, again, into a certain fixed number of almost microscopic brooklets. Allah is all-knowing.

Seven little villages nestle under the palms; here and there, too, you enter unexpectedly upon gem-like patches of waterless, shimmering sand—mock Saharas, golden and topaz-tinted, set in a ring of laughing greenery; there are kingfishers in arrowy flight or poised, like a flame of blue, over the still pools; overhead, among the branches, a ceaseless cooling of turtle-doves. At this season a Japanese profusion of white blossoms flutters in the breeze, and strews the ground; there peaches, apricots, plums, and almonds are giants of their kind, and yet insignificant beside the towering trunks of the palms whose leaves shade them from the sunny rays; the fruit trees, in their turn, protect the humble corn and vegetables growing at their feet.

Two new "Immortals" were elected to the French Academy on Thursday of last week, when Gen. Louis Lyautey, the French Governor of Morocco, was chosen to fill the place of the late Henri Houssaye, and Emile Boutroux that of the late Gen. Hippolyte Langlois. Gen. Lyautey has written much on colonization, and M. Boutroux, who is a professor at the Sorbonne, has several books to his credit on philosophical subjects, one of his latest being a study of William James.

Homer Lea, the American who acted as adviser to the leaders of the late Chinese revolution, died on Friday at Los Angeles. He was born in Denver in 1876. Even while a student at Leland Stanford University, he was obsessed by world politics, and determined to help to overthrow the Manchu dynasty. Though himself a hunchback, he made a specialty of military tactics, and at the age of twenty-two sailed for China. He joined the army of the allies to quell the Boxer uprising, and in 1901 returned to this country, calling himself a lieutenant-general in the Chinese army. In San Francisco he fell in with Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, who was later to be the first President of China, and became his confidential military adviser. Mr. Lea was also an author. He wrote "Vermilion Pencil," a novel; "The Valor of Ignorance," a military work in two volumes; "The Crimson Spider," a drama, "The Day of the Saxon," and had in preparation a history of the political development of China. It was an *idée fixe* with him that America, for lack of military preparedness, was to be overrun by Orientals.

## Science

"The New Book of Golf" is among Longmans, Green & Co.'s announcements. It consists of contributions from various hands and is edited by Horace G. Hutchinson.

The day of the elephant folio has passed, but the portfolio still persists, as in the work before us, "Studies of Birdlife in Uganda" (London: John Bale, Sons, & Danielsson). It has little to recommend it except as an *édition-de-luxe* presentation work, and its authors, R. A. L. and V. G. L. van Someren, would have been wiser

to publish their pictures in some other form. They have selected twenty-five photographs of wild birds and have beautifully reproduced them as enlarged photogravures 12x16 inches in size. The subjects include woodpeckers, herons, darters, chats, shrikes, and kingfishers, all excellent but not remarkable. Five or six are mere duplicates showing the bird in slightly different pose, and a number have lost greatly in the process of enlargement.

The plates are marked only with a number, so that one has to refer to a printed list. Here, however, only very indefinite names are given, such as "Sandpiper at Nest," "Cormorants on Trees," which necessitates still further search through an eighteen-page text in which the confusion is accentuated by omission of the plate numbers. The scientific value which the authors claim for their pictures would be more real if these were differently set forth. We fail to discover the "darkest secrets" which the writers have "wrested from Nature."

George A. Lindsay has made an interesting summary of annual rainfall and temperature in the United States. Twenty-eight manuscript maps, covering the fourteen years 1891-1904, inclusive, were obtained from the office of the Weather Bureau of Washington. Half of these indicated the precipitation in inches per year, and the other fourteen the mean annual temperature. The total rainfall in cubic miles falling upon the State of Missouri during ten years, was within 2 per cent. equal to the discharge of the Mississippi River at St. Louis during that interval. So it is plain that most of the water which falls as rain or snow never reaches the sea through the medium of drainage, but is evaporated from the land. If all precipitation went into rivers, and should be conducted back to the sea, we should have enormous streams of water which would entirely dwarf our present ones. After the precipitation for each State had been computed, the amounts were summed up in five districts; the Northeast, the Southeast, the North Central, the South Central, and the Western. In 1896 the total rainfall in the Northeast section was 98.9 cubic miles; in the Southeast, 199.7; in the North Central, 363; in the South Central, 308.8, and in the Western, 326, making a total for the United States of 1,296.4 cubic miles.

With fourteen years taken as a basis, the average annual temperature of the United States, excluding the outlying parts, is 52.9 degrees F; the annual precipitation 1,308 cubic miles. Frequent attempts to show a periodic variation of the temperature and rainfall have been made, and to connect this period with some celestial phenomenon, such as sun spots. While there seems a tendency, especially in the first part of the fourteen years, for a minimum of temperature and rainfall to occur at a maximum of sun spots, the latter part of the period embraced is erratic in both the temperature and precipitation curves. The fluctuation is a large fraction of the general periodic change which coincides fairly well with the sun-spot period. The most that may be said is that there are not enough data, or perhaps, better, not enough work has been done on the vast amount of data already accumulated, to show with any

certainly, or even probability, that any celestial phenomena govern the variation of temperature and precipitation from year to year. The remarkable thing is that the yearly variation is so small, considering the great storms and great variations of temperature extending over short periods. This very uniformity is perhaps more wonderful than the discovery of some celestial cause for the variation.

"The Life of the Plant," by Professor Timiriacheff, of Moscow, has been agreeably translated by Miss Chéréméteff from the seventh Russian edition. As the ripe thought of an exceptional man, the book may be read by the intelligent farmer with much profit. Recognized as the foundation of agriculture, horticulture, and forestry, the study of the physiology of plants presents to the general reader topics of absorbing interest. Professor Timiriacheff shows what the plant takes from soil and air, the influence of warmth and light upon it, how it converts the absolutely useless into those materials which nourish man and the rest of the animal world, how the green plant stands between man and starvation. When all this becomes generally known and applied, larger crops and diminishing danger of a hungry world will result.

Dr. George Montgomery Tuttle, one of the best-known gynecologists in this country, died last week in New York, at the age of fifty-six. After graduating from Yale in 1877, and in 1880 from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, he began an apprenticeship at the hospitals in New York, and from 1884 until the time of his death was attending gynecologist at the Roosevelt Hospital. He contributed to various medical journals.

## Drama

"THE WINTER'S TALE" AT THE SAVOY.

LONDON, October 17.

The excitement now raging over Granville Barker's production of "The Winter's Tale" at the Savoy Theatre means nothing in particular, except the reaction of critics and public from the dullness of a month of first nights that have not given anybody anything to write or to talk about.

All through September, theatre after theatre opened the season with new plays, each of which seemed to be trying to outdo the other in dramatic emptiness or scenic pretentiousness. We have had Mrs. Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," with its patchwork of sentiment, stars and stripes, and innocence, and its "angel-child" strayed, apparently, straight from Anstey's music-hall parody to play the heroine. We have had Mr. Walter Browne's morality of "Everywoman," revised by Stephen Phillips, for the British public, and used as a peg upon which to hang Drury Lane's regular autumn riot of realism and spectacle—Everywoman, with her nonconformist conscience, who, if called



Mary Smith or Angelina, would not have the shadow of a chance even at Drury Lane. We have had the spectacular patriotism of "Drake" at His Majesty's, the inevitable offshoot from "Buntz" in a new arrangement of Victorian costume and Scotch accent, the—I hardly know how many more, and none in which I, at least, have been able to discover a gleam of interest, with the exception of James Montgomery's "Ready Money" at the New Theatre, like "Rebecca" and "Everywoman," an importation from America, but, unlike them, one that is welcome; an amusing farce, though I believe there have been critics who, expecting a moral in it—goodness knows why—and failing to find any, have been foolish enough not to enjoy its fun.

After such a record as this, it is no wonder that the first ambitious performance with some pretence to dramatic quality should be hailed, on the one hand, as the most original production of modern times, on the other, as a medley and farrago of all the most advanced fads and "isms" of the day. When the excitement gradually calms down, I think it will be found that "The Winter's Tale" at the Savoy deserves neither the exaggerated praise nor the exaggerated blame heaped upon it. That he has adhered rigidly to the text is a virtue of which Mr. Barker boasts and for which he may be honored. Whether or no he has given the real Shakespeare in his interpretation at the Savoy is a question over which discussion has been fierce, irrelevant as it is, since nobody to-day knows what the real Shakespeare, in this sense, is. In France, where there has ever been greater respect for form, it is pretty well known what Racine, what Molière, is, and in the performances at the Théâtre Français one has the comfortable certainty that the classic tradition is duly observed. But in England there is no tradition in these, or most other, matters; each new manager who makes Shakespeare his bid for popularity "muddles through" in his own way, and takes great credit to himself for the correctness of his version or his costumes.

When the question is one of the respective merit of their interpretations, however, it is much easier to answer, for there is no doubt that in some respects Granville Barker has left his modern predecessors far behind. The usual Shakespearean performance in the fashionable theatre means a distracting elaboration of scenery, a slowness of pace—especially at His Majesty's—that uses up one's interest before the first curtain falls, and the mouthing and ranting that destroy whatever reality might survive dramatic ideals and forms so dissimilar to our own; the usual Shakespearean performance presented by societies organized for the purpose is likely to be reduced to an archæologi-

cal exercise, interesting to the student perhaps, but desperately dull to the mere playgoer. Granville Barker has wisely refrained from either popular or archæological extreme—though to the latter he may show decided inclination. One of the things he has been most severely criticised for is the rapid pace, the gallop, at which the play is taken at the Savoy—a gallop that we are assured is most un-Shakespearean. The criticism is only in a measure deserved, for Leontes (Henry Ainley), more enamored of his part than of his wife, lingers writhingly and gesticulatingly over it, acting with an evident determination that suggests he has not forgotten his lesson, as Cassius, with Beerbohm Tree; while Hermione (Lillah McCarthy) plays the statue in anticipation from the very first moment of the first scene. But the rest of the performance goes fast enough, more particularly in the sheep-shearing revels, and the effect of speed is increased by the fact that there is only one interval, and that the fall of a curtain replaces the ordinary business of scene-shifting.

But nothing could be less critical than to criticise this speed—this pace—for it is precisely what makes the play go—so much so, that if one does not happen to be a Shakespeare scholar, one can but wonder if this is not just the pace which Shakespeare himself would have given it. The action leaves no time for thought; it is so swift that all the delicious absurdities of plot and detail are carried off in the swing of the movement, the hurry from scene to scene. The encounter of Antigonus with the bear, though the most realistic of pantomime bears; the adventures of the infant Perdita, direct descendant of Romulus and Remus and close of kin to the Babes in the Wood; the naïveté of disguise by which Florizel is deceived by his father; Shakespeare's crude appeal to the gallery when he presents Paulina to Camillo, and so pairs off everybody happily at the end; all these things and as many more seem quite natural to the panoramic swiftness with which life passes in Bohemia by the sea. It may be objected that Shakespeare's verse must suffer in the race, and it does. The only lines I remember as having been delivered with genuine feeling for their rhythm and sense, as well as for enunciation and elocution, were those of Paulina's Steward (Nigel Playfair) in the one speech Shakespeare allows him, but with such generosity that it remains one of the most memorable in the play. This objection, however, is the less felt because anybody who knows the English theatre never expects to hear blank verse, or verse of any kind, or indeed fine prose, decently recited on the stage. In no detail of their profession do English actors and actresses show more lamentably the lack of that training and tradition to which

the French owe their dramatic supremacy to-day.

To make Shakespeare live at this late date is no small accomplishment, and Granville Barker is to be congratulated on his success. Here, he has really been original. But when it comes to his manner of presenting the play, it must be admitted that he has not achieved originality even in his use and adaptation of the ideas and experiments of others. So freely has he borrowed, or rather, so freely have the designers of the scenery and costumes (Norman Wilkinson and Albert Rothenstein) borrowed for him, that almost every critic has brought a new accusation of plagiarism against him. He is Post-Impressionistic, he is Beardsleyesque; he takes his good from wherever he finds it, whether from the mediæval stage or *l'art nouveau*; he prigs beauty from the now fashionable Russian Ballet and eccentricity from the now over-rated Reinhardt; he has only done what Poë, Benson, and Gordon Craig have done before him; and in each of these accusations there is more than a word of truth.

But it would not matter how much he might beg, borrow, or steal, if he did it with distinction and in order to obtain fine results. At times he justifies himself, as in his treatment of the stage which he has brought down into the auditorium, and built up in three planes, with two doors for exit and entrance on either side: a modern modification of primitive arrangements appropriate to the play and to the period. The scenery in its simplicity is a vast improvement upon the vulgar gaudiness and extravagant realism that have been becoming worse and worse ever since Irving brought them into vogue at the Lyceum. The simple white palace of Leontes has no ornament save a row of quiet arches hung with dull gold curtains at the back, and is as restful as it is beautiful, besides being much more in character with Shakespeare's fantasy than the sham mediæval castle that would probably have been erected at His Majesty's to set the audience gaping with astonishment at the feat. The shepherd's cottage savors of the affectation peculiar to the modern architect of the "simple-life" cottage, but even so, it is more in harmony than the more familiar pretty pastoral scene abounding in landscape incident that elsewhere serves to distract the average theatre-goer from the, to him, tedious verse of Shakespeare. The curtains, sometimes plain and sometimes relieved with conventional decorations, that fall with the shifting of the scenes, prove the effectiveness of simplicity, besides being admirable backgrounds to the different figures and groups. It is at this point that Granville Barker has gone hopelessly astray, for all his borrowing. The more simple and subordinate the back-

ground, the more it brings out the figures and groups posed and moving before it—a truth that he has not been the first to discover. But the figures and the groups at the Savoy cannot stand being brought out in such strong relief. Beardsley, the Russian Ballet, Reinhardt, have clearly been the chief inspiration of the costumes and the poses, though the spirit of Beardsley and the Ballet has been woefully misconstrued in the process. Of any mere inappropriateness it would be idle to complain, since any one costume or pose would be as appropriate as another to such a fantasy. With two possible exceptions, the costumes are guilty of a worse offence than inappropriateness—they are ugly, and ugliness in such a stage setting is the unpardonable sin. The head-dresses of men and women, with flaunting, foolish feathers and long, lean, meagre, unlovely locks of hair, would be more in keeping with burlesque or parody; in the various dresses the odd, rather than beauty, seems to have been the aim, and actors and actresses, conscious of their unloveliness, wear them awkwardly; certain details, like the brettas of the advocates in the court scene, are nothing more nor less than caricatures. Altogether, the straining after the sensational is all too obvious, and to add to the artificial effect thus produced, at certain crowded moments on the stage, the characters assume, and remain in, pantomime attitudes like so many supers from "Sumurun" or "The Miracle"; the more obvious, and the more discordant, because of the rapidity of the action immediately before and after.

Granville Barker has made Shakespeare on the modern stage, for once, amusing—his crime to the critics; but he has not made Shakespeare beautiful, which is no less essential for success when the play is "The Winter's Tale." The triumph would have been greater had he drawn his audience by the merit of Shakespeare alone, instead of by the display of his sympathy with every "artistic" movement of the moment. But in the English theatre we must take our good where we find it, and we can only be grateful when there is any good to take, however much it may be adulterated.

N. N.

Laurence Irving has published (Duffield) his English version of Maxim Gorki's "The Lower Depths," which was played in the Kingsway Theatre, London, last winter. It will convey to English readers, doubtless, a sufficiently accurate impression of the general character and scope of the work, although the habitual use of slang phrases peculiarly British indicates that it is by no means an exact translation. This, however, is not a matter of serious moment. The piece is not one of those masterpieces which demand from the adapter the most reverential literary treatment. It possesses a certain interest as a reflection of the

manner of life in Russian slums, but the conditions which it depicts do not differ essentially from those which, unhappily, are only too common in the underworld of many other great cities in freer and more civilized countries. As a grimly realistic sketch of human misery and degradation it has the merit of veracity, but it throws no new light upon dark places, depicts suffering and evil without seeking the cause or suggesting a remedy, and is almost entirely lacking in the imagination, the insight, or the appeal to be found in the writings of such men as Dickens, Tolstoy, Balzac, Zola, or even Eugène Sue. Had it been written originally in English it would have been pronounced a melodrama of the third, or, at best, the second rate, in no way remarkable except for its frankness. It characterizes with crude vigor a number of perfectly familiar types, but has neither plot nor cohesion, and but very little dramatic action. Such episodes as occur, amid the wastes of talk, are of the ordinary police-court variety, and culminate in murder. The personages represented include a ruffianly and miserly dive-keeper, his abandoned wife, who fights with her sister for the favors of a pickpocket, a drink-sodden actor, a degraded swindling baron, a street-walker, and various tatterdemallons. Rascally officialdom is impersonated by a grafting policeman. The one respectable figure is a pilgrim, Luka, who preaches tolerance and acts as peacemaker, without in any way influencing the course of events. There are forcible passages in the dialogue, but they are rare, and fail to relieve the dreariness of a play which is as chaotic in form as it is pessimistic in spirit.

William Archer contributes the "Congreve" to the masterpieces of English Drama series (American Book Co.), now in preparation under Prof. Felix E. Schelling as general editor. In the present case the introduction is interesting mainly for what is said on that hoary question of Congreve's morality, or, rather, lack of it. Mr. Archer rejects the lame excuse that the different social conventions of that day are the real offenders, and equally confutes Congreve's own plea that in his works abuses are satirized. Satire, comes the retort, must, if it is to have point, set up by way of contrast a moral standard. Nothing of the sort is observed in Congreve. Nor is this irresponsible comic muse—"painted French baggage," Thackeray called her—to be fathered upon France, for the good reason that "it did not exist, in anything like such brutal and brazen forms, on the other side of the Channel." In his complete ethical indifference Congreve, with Vanbrugh, is regarded by Mr. Archer as the last of the ancients, of the Jacobean, rather than as the first of the moderns. "With Steele and Farquhar . . . a new spirit came into comedy—the spirit of melliorism, so utterly foreign to Congreve." The following are the plays included in this volume: "The Double-Dealer," "Love for Love," "The Way of the World," and "The Mourning Bride."

The production of "Julius Cæsar," which William Faversham has made in the Lyric Theatre, is, when existing dramatic conditions are taken into consideration, an eminently respectable achievement. It suffers, of course, as have most recent Shakespearean performances, from the sub-

ordination of text to spectacle, but the acting was upon a somewhat higher level of general intelligence than old theatre-goers might have expected. The conspicuous weaknesses in it, wherever they were displayed, were largely due evidently to over-anxiety and inexperience. Undue deliberations, excessive tonal emphasis and gesture were faults which most of the actors shared in common, and the diction—except in the case of two or three players—had neither cultivation nor distinction. In many instances the sense of the text was missed or distorted. But the representation, as a whole, was smooth, vigorous, picturesque, and had its touches of tragic dignity. Fuller Mellish, a veteran Shakespearean, had a good conception of Julius, but nearly spoiled it by over-acting and staginess. Tyrone Power, if somewhat heavy, was in many respects an admirable Brutus. William Faversham played Antony with intelligence and abundant spirit, but without rant. Mr. Keenan would have been a better Cassius if he had been less anxious over his points. Miss Opp was misplaced as Portia. The mobs had been trained with precision, but not much discernment.

"Bunt Pulls the Strings" continues to be so successful at the London Haymarket that Manager Harrison is likely to abandon his idea of making an elaborate production of Ibsen's "The Pretenders." In its place he will probably present Stanley Houghton's comedy, "The Younger Generation." It will be preceded by a one-act play of a somewhat ambitious character. This is the work of Lord Dunsany, and bears the title of "The Golden Doom." The action takes place "a long time ago," and the story is entirely fantastic. S. H. Sime is designing both costumes and scenery; the latter will be painted by Joseph Harker.

According to the local critics, Aubrey Smith has scored an emphatic success at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre with "Instinct," a play adapted by an American dramatist, Penrhyn Stanlaws, from the French of Henry Kistemaekers. It deals with a crisis in the lives of two persons, a distinguished surgeon and his wife. The latter has taken a deep but purely innocent interest in a young poet, who has come to regard her as his Egeria. In the absence of her husband, who pretends that work calls him away, Mrs. Mandover grants her youthful admirer a final meeting in her own house. Thither he repairs, and is suddenly attacked by serious illness. Dr. Mandover, upon his return, is in the mood for murder, but is recalled to a sense of his professional duty by the frantic appeals of his wife, who tells him that it is his mission to cure, and not to destroy. High praise is given to Aubrey Smith and Miss Lillian Braithwaite for their respective performances. It is easy to credit Mr. Smith with great effectiveness in a part of this kind.

Miss Gertrude Kingston announces two afternoon performances at the Little Theatre, in London, of a play, entitled "Barbara Grows Up," which made a hit on its original production at the Glasgow Repertory Theatre. The piece is "by an author unknown to London."

Maurice Maeterlinck has finished his promised sequel to "The Blue Bird," in which Tytyl and Mytyl are introduced at



a much later stage of growth. He is luckier than most authors if he has been able to find new inspiration at the old font.

## Music

*Interpretation in Song.* By Harry Plunket Greene. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Plunket Greene is one of the most prominent concert singers of our time. He is a bass, of the Wüllner type; that is, he owes his success much more to his art of interpretation than to natural beauty of voice. It is this that gives his book its special value. He has been through the mill and knows what he is talking about. His example and his teaching will be a stimulus especially to those who, like himself, have unusual obstacles to overcome. Yet let not those whose voices are naturally beautiful imagine that they can depend on that alone; a vast number of such have found out to their grief that a great gift like a lovely voice may count for nothing in the world of music. The number of such failures would be much reduced if every young singer would read this admirable volume.

Mr. Greene exaggerates when he says that, whereas players have greatly improved their technique during the last thirty years, the singer alone has stood still. Singers like players have mastered operas like Wagner's which a generation ago were pronounced impossible of execution. Nevertheless, the singer with a beautiful voice who has not taken the trouble to learn his business is much in evidence. So far as technique is concerned, Mr. Greene has nothing to tell them in this volume; he takes technique for granted—with one exception. Inasmuch as the whole structure of interpretative singing stands on breath control, the physical part of breathing is dealt with in an appendix. The rest of the volume is concerned chiefly with the three possessions with which (in addition to technique) the interpreter must start—Magnetism, Sense of Atmosphere, and Command of Tone-color. These topics are not discussed in a dry psychological manner, but are illustrated with vivid glimpses of actual happenings in concert halls. Nothing, for instance, could be more entertaining as well as instructive than the pages devoted to showing how easily the magnetic something which passes from singer to audience and from audience to singer is destroyed, not so much by some unexpected noise as by something visible, which snaps the thread of attention to the artist and his music. "To a singer the roving eye in an audience is as terrible a danger signal as the early yawn."

In the pages relating to atmosphere Mr. Greene declares that the secret of

interpretation lies in the treatment of a song as a whole. The atmosphere of the song creates the right mood in the singer—if he knows how to go about it. The author points the way in a long chapter, *How to Study a Song*, which is admirably conceived. Perhaps nowhere else in all the pedagogic literature relating to music can the student find such a key to the very heart of great songs as in this chapter. The greatest of all songs is, as the author rightly maintains (p. 238), Schubert's "Doppeltgänger." To read the five pages he devotes to it, and then to play and sing the thrilling song itself (it is printed here with his interpretation marks) will mean to most students the dawn of a new insight into the inner secrets of expressive music. Among the other songs treated in the same fashion are Schumann's "Er der Herrlichste von Allen" and Stanford's "The Crow." In *The Singing of Folksongs* and a number of pages devoted to the analysis of British ballads that are worth while, the student will find more help of the same kind.

Singers talk a great deal about tone color without knowing as a rule what they mean by it. Mr. Greene clears up the matter by bidding the vocalist to "vitalize the breath and add to it the same color when singing the words that he would give when speaking them in accordance with their dramatic significance." After some remarks on Style he passes on to discuss at considerable length three main rules for all singers, these rules being: Never Stop the March of a Song; Sing Mentally Through Your Rests; and Sing as You Speak. The discussion of the first of these is of particular importance at the present time when singers are too prone to indulge in excessive and ill-timed variations of pace (rubato) at the expense of rhythm. It will give them pause to read the masterly remarks (p. 45) on the necessity of keeping up the march of the rhythm in "The Erlking" without any slackening, because through the whole song run haste and fear. No less timely and important are the remarks on the necessity for singing mentally through rests, so as to keep in the mood. Under this head there are also useful admonitions to vocalists as to songs and parts of songs in which the pianist sets the pace and the singer must be his humble follower.

The Making of Programmes and The Clergy and Intoning are other topics discussed. Mr. Greene's eminence as an oratorio singer also gives special value to his remarks on recitative. He is eloquent on the subject and on the causes of over-elaboration of details; he dwells pathetically on the martyrdom of memorizing poor songs and throws much light on the question why most English

the ordinary English contralto and other types are among the most amusing things in musical literature, as are his remarks on ballad accompaniments. Neat epigrams there are, as when he advises the singer to "ask himself not what he can put into the song, but what can be got out of it"—an admonition much needed. In short, Mr. Greene's book is full of wit and wisdom and invaluable advice to all who, be their voices beautiful or of mediocre charm, wish to succeed on the concert stage.

The *Harvard Musical Review* is a new periodical to be published monthly. The October number includes articles by Walter R. Spalding on "Utilitarian Values in Music," by Arthur Foote on "Thirty-five Years of Music in Boston," by T. M. Spelman on "Massenet," and by Nicholas Roosevelt on "Harvard and the Boston Opera." The editor writes that he has

already succeeded in interesting a large number of prominent musicians in the enterprise, such as H. T. Parker, Philip Hale, Converse, Loeffler, Chadwick, Philip Goepf, Richard Aldrich, Morris Class, George Burdette, Edward B. Hill, and many others, a number of whom have promised to write for us. We intend to have their contributions form the backbone of the paper, and to supplement their work by that of the undergraduate editors, thus producing as a whole a paper which will have little in common with the usual American musical trade journal or guide for music teachers.

Next Monday the opera season opens with Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." The other operas of the week will be "Götterdämmerung" on Wednesday, "Gloconda" on Thursday, "Madama Butterfly" on Friday, and "Tannhäuser" on Saturday afternoon. Brooklyn will have "Rigoletto" on the evening of that Saturday.

The chief offering of the Philharmonic Society this season will be an elaborate production of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, for which the MacDowell Chorus, with its usual numbers considerably augmented, has now for some time been rehearsing. In an early concert Conductor Josef Stransky will offer the new "Merry Overture" of Felix Weingartner, its first public performance. He will introduce also for a first hearing in these concerts Alexander Ritter's "Olaf's Wedding Dance, a Symphonic Waltz." The composer was a special friend of Wagner and a teacher of Richard Strauss. Other novelties to be presented by the Philharmonic during the season will be a new French symphony by Dubois, a posthumous overture of Dvorák, an overture by Erich Korngold, the thirteen-year-old Viennese composer; furthermore, new works by Sibelius, Bruckner, Debussy, Felix Draeseke, Max Reger, Emil Graener, and others, including Henry Hadley's "In Bohemia." The Philharmonic, under Mr. Stransky, will begin its season with a New England tour, appearing in New Haven under the auspices of the musical department of Yale University, in Providence, Holyoke, and Boston, returning to New York in time for the first concerts in Carnegie Hall, Thursday evening, November 14, and Friday afternoon, November 15. Misha Elman, the violinist, will be the soloist of the New England tour and of the opening New York concert.

"Parsifal" is to be produced at the Paris Opéra as soon as the copyright expires—on January 1, 1914.

## Art

"The Romance of Sandro Botticelli" (Dodd, Mead), by A. J. Anderson, is a sequel to "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi." By dint of following up Botticelli's patrons and contemporary memoirs, adding withal a considerable dose of pure invention, a plausible background is built out of scanty materials. Although the chronology is bolstered up with an appendix, the original arguments need hardly be taken seriously. The not very difficult lover of historical romance will probably get pleasure and edification from this book. It is at times vivid, and not infrequently cheap. The definition of Platonic love as "a sexual friendship that was free from a suspicion of flirtation" is merely an extreme example of a frequent kind of offending. Mr. Anderson supposes a complete collapse in Botticelli's powers of expression after 1490. Clearly he regards the Calumny, the St. Zenobius panels, the Virginia, the Lucretia, and the Mystical Adoration in the National Gallery as inferior works. Plainly the book is for the cruder type of Botticelli'an, a clan sufficiently numerous to provide an excellent public.

From Country Life, Limited (London) we receive a handsome facsimile reprint in folio of John Shute's "The First and Chief Groundes of Architecture." This treatise on the classical orders was published in London in 1563, and is the first systematic treatment of the matter in the English tongue. Shute, on the title page, calls himself painter and architect. There is reason to suppose that he was chiefly the former. His Italian journey was made in 1559 at the expense of the Duke of Northumberland. Shute emphasizes the fact that, aside from the reading of Serlio and others, he studied the buildings on the spot, both ancient and modern. His treatise, which considers merely the draughting of the orders and their superimposition, is probably only the beginning of what was to have been an extended work. Possibly his influence may be detected in Longleaf, but it seems as if his book, which is extant only in five copies, made little stir. Practicing architects in Elizabethan England undoubtedly had recourse immediately to Alberti, Serlio, and Palladio, the plates being sufficiently eloquent even to one who could not deal with the text. For antiquarian reasons, however, architects of scholarly type will be glad to have this excellent facsimile reprint on their shelves. It is accompanied by brief but sufficient introductory matter and notes by Lawrence Weaver. The edition is limited to one thousand copies.

In Francis Bond's "The Cathedrals of England and Wales" (Scribner) we have a guide-book which cannot fail to be of great value, not only to the architect, but also to that large, and increasing, number of laymen who make the tour of the cathedral cities of Great Britain. Inasmuch as each of these important buildings has a life-history of its own, the author's intention

has been to add to their interest for the reader by treating them biographically. As he says in his introduction, the ordinary guide-book seems to be written with the one definite end—to save the legs of the visitor by offering no obstruction to his walking through the building once and for all, without retracing any of his steps. But if he takes such a course in the regular order, what he will see will probably be (as in Winchester, for example), "first, what was done in the nave in the latter part of the fourteenth and in the fifteenth century; then the work done in the crossing in the twelfth century; then work done in the transepts in the eleventh century; then the work in the choir in the first half of the fourteenth century; then the work done in the retro-choir early in the thirteenth century; finally, sixteenth-century work in the Lady chapel."

Such a procedure evidently gives the visitor to a cathedral no adequate idea of the vitality of the building as an organic growth, and leads him to overlook the practical and æsthetic reasons for the varied changes made as the building developed. Mr. Bond's biographical method, on the contrary, has the great merit of placing before us, as a consecutive story, the processes which have led to the constructions as we find them to-day—a story which gains in interest as he describes, with no little skill, the motives which led to their rebuilding and rearrangement. In a book which covers so broad a field with such minuteness of detail, it would be too much to hope that no errors of fact and interpretation have been made; but these our author has used care to avoid by special consultation with local experts. The book is profusely illustrated with small but excellent photographic reproductions.

New sections on Japanese metal work give special value to a second edition of H. Wilson's "Silverwork and Jewelry" (in the Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks, edited by W. R. Lethaby and published by Appleton). The author, since the appearance of the first edition of his manual, has witnessed demonstrations by Profs. Unno Bisel and T. Kobayashi, of the Imperial Fine Arts College, Tokio, where he was "deeply impressed not only by the simplicity of the tools and methods, but by the miraculous skill with which these tools and methods are employed." Mr. Wilson's descriptions of the Far Eastern processes of inlaying, damascening, and casting are illustrated with explicit pen drawings, and are of a kind to stir the imitative faculties of the Occidental metal worker, whether professional or amateur. A report of a lecture by Mr. Bisel gives important historical and technical information about methods of working and decorating metals in the Ashikaga and subsequent periods, formulæ for the composition of *shibuichi* and *shakudo*, and recipes for coloring metals. These details will not interest the general reader (save here and there a collector of Japanese sword guards or bronzes), but they are full of useful suggestions to the craftsman. A newly added chapter on Egyptian jewelry follows Emile Vernier's book on Egyptian goldsmiths' work. The second edition, for the rest, is, like the first, an admirable guide to elementary workshop practice in the crafts with which it deals.

## Finance

### FINANCIAL EUROPE AND THE DEFEAT OF TURKEY.

When the Balkan War was beginning, exactly a month ago, the decline on Europe's stock market began, which culminated in the two-hour panic of Saturday, October 12, on the stock exchanges of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. When the early news from the front came in, two somewhat opposite symptoms developed on those markets—money stringency, which led to a rise in official discount rates at all the great European state banks, and recovery in the stock markets, which at London became rapid in last week's closing days. This last-named movement occurred in the face of the Turkish army's unexpected and sensational defeat. It occurred, also, notwithstanding the earlier and quite general consensus of foreign critics, that a Turkish victory, which should maintain the *status quo*, would make for financial reassurance, whereas a sweeping victory for the Balkan states, with the diplomatic friction which must accompany settlement of peace, would be highly disturbing to the markets.

Financially, then, the questions now at issue are: Will the markets of the next few weeks be more affected by the fact that the war is near its end and a prolonged strain on capital resources averted, or by the fact that the uncertainties of another Berlin conference are before us? In either case, was the recent apprehensive movement on Europe's money markets due to the Balkan war alone, or to other and deeper causes which the war brought into light.

It was on Thursday, October 17, that Turkey formally declared war. On the same day, bank rates went up at London, Paris, and Stockholm; the Bank of Germany similarly moved up its rate on the 24th; the Belgian bank rate had already risen on the 16th; the Bank of Austria followed suit on the 25th, and the Imperial Bank of Russia on the 29th. On Thursday, the 31st, the Bank of France again advanced its rate, fixing the highest minimum since November, 1907. Only in the Wall Street panic of that month, and in the "Boer War panic" in the autumn of 1899, has any such general advance of rates at the European state banks occurred.

For three reasons, the rise in the French bank rate is the matter of special interest. Only once before in this generation—in 1899—has the Bank of France raised its rate twice in a single fortnight. Last Thursday's second advance occurred on a day when the Bourse, at its monthly settlement, was paying differences on the panicky fall in prices of the three preceding weeks. Finally, and of singular historical in-



terest, Thursday's 4 per cent. rate was not only the highest established at any time since November, 1907, but was actually the highest level reached at the Bank of France in October of any year since 1881.

In 1907, the 4 per cent. rate was fixed as a barrier to the seemingly limitless demand for gold by the panic-stricken New York market. In 1899, the rate got to 4½ in December, on the defeat of England's South African armies and the blockade of the Transvaal gold mines. In 1881, the Paris bank rate rose to 5 per cent. on October 20, after having been 3½ as recently as September, and the reason then, as was the case last month, was a very menacing speculative situation on the Bourse.

It had been suddenly discovered, at the time, not only that a multitude of private speculators had gone beyond their depth, but that banking institutions were involved. The Bank of France and the Government tided matters over until the monthly Bourse settlement of February, 1882. One or two Paris banks then had to go; the French financial market was thrown into panic; the London bank rate went to 6 per cent., and even on Wall Street call money got up to 17 per cent.

This is in many respects an interesting precedent. It is not to be supposed that it infers any such sequel at Paris to the present disturbances. Nothing of the sort followed the high Paris rates of 1899 and 1907. But the difficulty in the present case seems to be that the Balkan crisis caught the Paris credit market heavily extended. That was not true of 1899; still less of 1907. But the very fact that during 1908, 1909, and 1910 Paris was resorted to by every borrowing Government and market in the world, and that nearly all applicants were accommodated, suggested a process of tying-up capital.

Paris has taken quantities of shares from here, and not always shares of the best quality; it has engaged heavily in rubber shares, South American shares, bonds of second-rate Governments (including the Balkan states), and, above all, Russian industrials in the field of oil, iron, and coal. Many people wondered why, in September of last year, after the French banks had called back their loans from Germany and thereby caused a financial crisis at Berlin, there should have ensued a formidable crash at Paris also. On the face of the situation, it would have been inferred that such recall of capital would have made the Paris position extremely comfortable, and there were some European critics who argued that Paris was bringing its money home from Germany, not because it feared a German war, but because it had to have the capital back at once.

One of the most singular of all the incidents of this whole curious chapter

of European finance is that, while the financial world, during the whole of 1912, has been pointing at Berlin as the market which would have the most painful experience in the "October settlement," the actual arrival of October found Berlin, on the whole, in thoroughly sound condition, but Paris itself in straits. Perhaps financial Berlin has to thank the New York banks, and their loan of \$120,000,000 during the tiding-over of last winter, for its own easy escape; but even this leaves us confronted with the state of affairs at Paris.

This phase of the European financial situation will remain deeply interesting, whatever happens in the Balkan war. It will be equally interesting to see how this European situation affects our markets. In the foreign tight-money period of 1907, we were ourselves the cause. In the similar stringency of 1882, our markets suffered heavily in the after-results—chiefly because Wall Street also had been over-speculating, and had just completed a season of disastrous harvest failure.

In the other severe and general European money stringency of our time—the crisis of 1899—the American market was temporarily incommenced, and for a time was badly pinched. Then it resumed its movement of prosperity, which swept along to April, 1901. The movement was hardly impeded, even by the Berlin market's very serious crisis at the end of 1900; our own markets were building on the foundations of genuine economic strength and trade revival.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Adams, F. R. *In Other Words*. Doubleday. Page. \$1 net.
- Adams, John. *The Lenten Psalms*. Scribner. 60 cents net.
- Amphora: *Collection of Prose and Verse*. Portland, Me.: Mosher.
- Bassett, S. W. *The Story of Lumber*. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. 75 cents net.
- Baur, P. V. C. *Centaur in Ancient Art*. Berlin: Karl Curtius.
- Beach, Belle. *Riding and Driving for Women*. Scribner. \$4 net.
- Beach, E. L. *Roger Paulding Gunner's Mate*. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. \$1.20 net.
- Beckford, William. *Episodes of Vathek*. Trans. by F. T. Marzials. Phila.: Lippincott. \$5 net.
- Begbie, Harold. *The Ordinary Man and the Extraordinary Thing*. Doran. \$1.25 net.
- Bell, E., and Baillie-Weaver, H. *Horses in Warfare*. London: Humanitarian League.
- Belloc, Hilaire. *The Four Men*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25 net.
- Bergson, Henri. *The Introduction to a New Philosophy*. Boston: Luce & Co.
- Björkman, Edwin. *Gleams*. Mitchell Kennerley. 75 cents net.
- Book of Winter Sports. Edited by J. C. Dier. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
- Bourne, George. *Change in the Village*. Doran. \$1.35 net.
- Bradley, A. C. *Coriolanus*. Frowde. 25 cents.
- Bradley, A. G. *The Gateway of Scotland*. (Illustrated.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$4 net.
- Brown, K. H. *The Halliwell Partnership*. Scribner. \$1 net.
- Burch, D. S. *Dairy Farming*. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
- Burr, A. J. *The Roadside Fire*. Doran. \$1 net.
- Carroll, H. K. *The Religious Forces of the United States*. Revised to 1910. Scribner. \$2 net.
- Comstock, Fanny. *Greek Myths and Hero Tales*. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
- Coolidge, Herbert. *Pancho McClish*. Chicago: McClurg. \$1.25 net.
- Craddock, C. E. *The Ordeal*. Phila.: Lippincott. \$1.20 net.
- Curtis, Jeremiah. *Myths of the Modocs*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$3 net.
- Curtis, A. T. *The Little Runaways at Home; Marjorie in the Sunny South; Grandpa's Little Girls Grown Up*. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
- Curtiss, G. H. and Post, A. *The Curtiss Aviation Book*. Stokes. \$1.35 net.
- Dimock, A. W. *Be Prepared, or The Boy Scouts in Florida*. Stokes. \$1 net.
- Eucken, Rudolf. *Back to Religion*. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.
- Evans, D. T. *Principles of Hebrew Grammar*. Part I. London: Luzac.
- Finlay-Johnson, Harriet. *The Dramatic Method of Teaching*. Boston: Ginn. \$1.
- Fiona, MacLeod. *The Silence of Amor*. Portland, Me.: Mosher.
- Fisher, R. H. *The Beatitudes*. Scribner. 60 cents net.
- Fonsack, L. de. *On the Truth of Decorative Art*. London: Greening & Co.
- Foster, A. A. *The Message of Robert Browning*. Doran. \$1.25 net.
- Franklin's Autobiography. Edited by F. W. Pine. Holt.
- Fried, A. H. *The German Emperor and the Peace of the World*. Doran. \$2 net.
- Fulton, R. I., and Trueblood, T. C. *British and American Eloquence*. Boston: Ginn. \$1.25.
- Fyfe, T. A. *Who's Who in Dickens*. Doran. \$2 net.
- Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. *Illus. in color*. Phila.: Lippincott. \$1.50 net.
- Gould, E. L. *Polly Prentiss Goes to School*. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
- Gould, E. L. *The Admiral's Little Companion*. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
- Graham, Tom. *Hike and the Aeroplane*. Stokes. \$1 net.
- Grenfell, W. T. *What Can Jesus Christ Do with Me?* Boston: Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.
- Griffith, H. S. *Letty's Sister*. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
- Hagedorn, Hermann. *Poems and Ballads*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
- Hale, L. C. *Motor Journeys*. Chicago: McClurg. \$2 net.
- "Handasyde." *The Four Gardens*. Illus. by C. Robinson. Phila.: Lippincott.
- Herbertson, F. D. *North and Central America and the West Indies*. (Oxford Geographies.) Frowde.
- Hodges, George. *Saints and Heroes Since the Middle Ages*. Holt. \$1.35 net.
- Holland, R. S. *Historic Poems and Ballads described*. Phila.: Jacobs & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Intercollegiate Debates. Vol. II. Edited by E. R. Nichols. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. \$2.
- Jacobs, S. P. *Christ in Ethics*. Broadway Pub. Co. \$1.
- Janson, Gustaf. *Pride of War*. Trans. from the Swedish. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.30 net.
- Jowett, J. H. *The Preacher, His Life and Work*. Doran. \$1.25 net.
- Kilbourne, C. E. *An Army Boy in Peking*. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. \$1.20 net.
- Kipling, Rudyard. *Kim*. Illustrated by J. L. Kipling. Doubleday. Page.
- Kyle, M. G. *The Deciding Voice of the Monuments in Biblical Criticism*. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co.
- Leather-Bound Pocket Series. *Latent Energies of Life*, by C. R. Brown; *Misfortunes of a World Without Pain*, by N. D. Hillis; *Conservation of Womanhood*, by T. Roosevelt; *Signs of the Times*, by W. J. Bryan; *The Call of Jesus to Joy*, by W. E. Griffis. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net, each.
- Lee, A. L. *A Junior Co-ed*. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. \$1.20 net.
- Lee, Jennette. *Mr. Achilles*. Dood, Mead. \$1 net.
- Lee, Vernon, and others. *In Praise of Old Gardens*. Portland, Me.: Mosher.
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